

Hennessy's☆☆☆Brandy

PUNCH

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ROSS'S

Belfast Ginger Ale

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By Appointment.

Now

..... for less than the price of many ordinary vacuum cleaners...you can have

A *New* HOOVER

embodying the world's standard of carpet-cleaning efficiency...Positive Agitation....

Model 703 (The Greater Hoover) £17 : 17 : 0.
Dusting Tools for each model £3 : 3 : 0. Either model may be yours for £1 down. Ask your Authorised Hoover Dealer for a free demonstration in your own home.

for

£13.13.0

HOOVER LIMITED, 229-233, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

The New Tailoring

—YOU CHOOSE CLOTHES INSTEAD OF CLOTH



IN a lounge suit there is little enough margin for error. In a dress suit there is none. Distinctive cloth, irreproachable cut, every little detail correct . . . these things count for much. But it is faultless fit which counts for most. And counts with men who haven't stock figures as much as it does with men who have. In "The New Tailoring" the sizes and fittings and cross-fittings in Dress Clothes are even more comprehensive than in lounge clothes. They are so numerous, so true to life, that only about one man in a hundred cannot be fitted perfectly.

FULL DRESS COAT
*with best quality silk
facings, satin linings
and silk-lined sleeves*

7 guineas

DINNER JACKET
as above

6 guineas

DINNER JACKET
serons lined

4½ guineas

TROUSERS
with two broad stripes

45 shillings

VESTS
silk lined

30 shillings

AUSTIN REED'S

OF REGENT STREET

"THE BALLROOM CORNER" 3rd Floor, 107-113 Regent Street

"NEW TAILORING" FLOORS 24 Coventry Street (West) 13 Fenchurch Street (City)

Also at Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol and Preston



JACK SHEPPARD,
the
Notorious Robber.

*"Achievement is but another milestone along the highway
of progress—the end of the journey lies ever beyond."*

THE CHATWOOD TRADITION.

THE CHATWOOD SAFE

The value of a Safe is the degree of service rendered when attacked by the burglar or tested by the ordeal of fire.

To appreciate this important fact it is only necessary just for once to see a Safe lying amongst the burning debris after the collapse of a building following a fire.

Then to visualise what your own Safe contains and ask yourself what your position would be and how you would feel in similar circumstances.

The Chatwood Safe will give you contented confidence. It has stood the greatest of all tests—the test of time, and is the cheapest Safe that can be bought having regard to the degree of security offered.

THE CHATWOOD SECURITY

THE CHATWOOD SAFE CO., LIMITED.

Bankers' Engineers,

Head Office: BOLTON,

Works: BOLTON and SHREWSBURY, England.

BRANCHES: LONDON—4 Lawrence Forester Hill, E.C.4. Phone City 5411.
MANCHESTER—Royal Exchange. Phone City 214.
GLASGOW—50 Market St. Phone Exchange 85.

K.F.

WEAR A FLANDERS POPPY ON NOVEMBER 11

"Advertise and be Prosperous"

THERE are very few prominent men in England to-day more fitted to speak on advertising, and at the same time more unbiassed with regard to it, than Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, President of the Board of Trade. Yet he does not hesitate to state :

"THE producer and the consumer, in the complexity of the modern economic structure, are far apart, and cannot discover one another. That is one of the root causes of our troubles. It is a *sine-qua-non* of trade to bring producer, or at least seller, and consumer into touch, and only publicity in various forms will do it."



IF you would know more about advertising—its workings, its cost and its great possibilities to-day, we are fully prepared to give you the benefit of our experience and knowledge of advertising and world markets. This without placing you under any obligation.

W · S · Crawford · Ltd

ADVERTISING

233 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

GERMAN OFFICE: CRAWFORDS REKLAME-AGENTUR G.m.b.H. KRAUSENSTRASSE 2 BERLIN W 8

*Wear a Flanders Poppy
on November 11.*



FOR SPOTLESS TEETH AND A HEALTHY MOUTH—

MILTON—used for cleaning teeth, and as a mouthwash—is the great safeguard against all germ-caused ills—Pyorrhoea, Sore Throat, Diphtheria and other serious troubles. For Milton instantly kills all disease germs. And it is the only antiseptic which can be used freely without harm to the mouth, the teeth or the throat. It keeps your breath clean and sweet, too.

And if you have false teeth, Milton is the only way of keeping them really clean. You will find that it not only polishes the teeth and makes the gold parts glitter, but that it will completely dissolve every trace of 'film' and food.

FALSE TEETH CLEANED WHILE YOU DRESS

If you sleep with your false teeth in, on rising, put them into a glass (or cup) containing equal quantities of Milton and warm water—just enough liquid to cover the plate. When you are dressed, take them out, rinse in clean water, and wipe.

The two methods of using Milton for cleaning false teeth are given at the side—both are equally effective.

Milton you get from the nearest chemist, for 6d., 1/6 and 2/6 a bottle.

MILTON

ANTISEPTIC



FOR MILTON'S
MANY OTHER USES,
SEE THE FOLDER
ENCLOSED WITH
THE BOTTLE

FALSE TEETH CLEANED WHILE YOU SLEEP

If you take out your teeth at night, just add half-a-teaspoonful of Milton to the glass or cup of cold water in which you leave them. In the morning rinse the teeth.

WORLD'S MOST POPULAR CAR!



CHRYSLER VERVE EVEN MORE THRILLING THAN BEFORE!



Longer, larger, faster, more powerful even than the famous 70! New 25/80 h.p. 6-cylinder engine. Seven-bearing crankshaft now fitted with counter-weights for still more silken acceleration. Engine now mounted in live rubber. Wideset springs anchored to frame in live rubber, too. Higher speed—72 miles an hour. Longer wheel-base—bodies more roomy, better streamlined. Hydraulic brakes—for smooth, instant, powerful action. See the eight splendid models in the dealer's showroom. Take the wheel—without cost or obligation. See also the Chrysler 80, 62 and 50—Chryslers of every type and price!

CHRYSLER 72 TAKING ALL MOTORISTS BY STORM

CHRYSLER DISTRIBUTORS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

INDIA: Automobile Co. Ltd., 5-12 Queen's Road, Bombay; A. Milton & Co. Ltd., 126 Dharamtala St., Calcutta; Jones & Co., Madras; Peary Lal & Sons, Ltd., Kashmir Gate, Delhi; National Engineering Co., The Mall, Lahore; Merwani Edulp & Co., Garden St., Karachi; M. T. Ltd., 41 Rula Pagoda Rd., Rangoon.—STRAITS SETTLEMENTS: Borneo Motors, Ltd., Singapore.—ARABIA: E. C. Patti, Camp Afen.—CEYLON: Eastern Garage & Colombo Taxiway Co., P.O. Box 206, Colombo.—AUSTRALIA: Laika, Royle & Carter, Ltd., Greenville House, 177-185 William St., Sydney, N.S.W.;

Collins Motors Proprietary Ltd., Collins St., Melbourne, Victoria; Ward Motors, Ltd., Box 226 M.G.P.O., Brisbane, Queensland; O. T. Rodda Motors Ltd., Flinders St., Adelaide, South Australia; William Atwood, 209-221 Murray St., Perth, West Australia; Chrysler Motor Co. Pty. Ltd., Hobart and Launceston, Tasmania.—NEW ZEALAND: Todd Motor Co. Ltd., 97 Casterney Place, Wellington.—SOUTH AFRICA: Carson & Co., 14-18 Riebeck St., Capetown; Colonial Motors (Natal), Ltd., 281 West St., Durban; A. Millbourn & Son, 10 and 12a Jones St., Kimberley; Joseph R. Manning, P.O. Box 175,

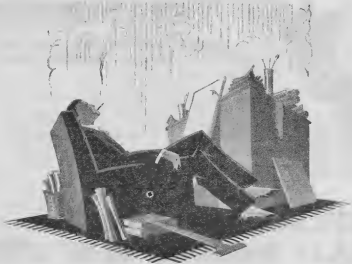
Union St., East London; Clowes Motors & Garages, Ltd., 36 Anderson St., Johannesburg; Messrs. Welsh Brothers, Chrysler House, Russell Rd., Port Elizabeth; Standard Garage, Ltd., Elofffontein.—NORTH AFRICA: Hignard Freres, Tunis, Algeria; E. Brusson & Co., Algiers, Algeria.—WEST AFRICA: Abdo Nasserah & Co., 39 Rue Vincent, Dakar, Senegal.—EAST AFRICA: York Garage, Ltd., Nairobi, Kenya Colony.—BELGIAN CONGO: A. J. E. Lock, Compagnie Industrielle Africaine, 1 Standard Bank Chambers, Elisabethville.—RHODESIA: Rhodesia Motors, Ltd., Box 581, Salisbury, Rhodesia.

Catalogues from Chrysler Motors Ltd., Kew Gardens, Surrey.

Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ontario



OUT of the fragrant clouds that wreath fantastically from a well-blackened bowl come inspirations to be caught and woven into words or shape or sound. Your man of ideas is inseparable from his pipe; and, whatever else he denies himself, will always pay the price for a really choice tobacco. Among men of this sort Three Nuns is especially prized for its punctilious blend of well matured tobaccos, cut into curious little discs to ensure coolness, slow burning and uniformity of flavour.



THREE NUNS

The Tobacco of Curious Cut

1½

an ounce

Sophia Mitchell & Son, Glasgow. Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd

**NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL
IT'S SEVEN YEARS OLD**

JOHN JAMESON



Help yourself . . . 'Twill put
new life into you . . . Indeed
then, it is old . . . seven years
the youngest drop! . . . And all
in the wood . . . 'Tis a miracle
entirely . . . the way time brings
out the flavour. Drink it slowly
. . . there now! Did ever you
hope to taste such whiskey this
side of heaven's gate?

**ASK
FOR**

J J WHISKEY



—IF IT'S LAZENBY'S—IT'S THE BEST!



Walnuts

*-and the age of
innocence!*

You may pickle a walnut at almost any age up to the time that he grows hard and cantankerous.

You may pickle him when he is so young that he has not developed the true walnut poise and character.

But the only time that the walnut is really worth pickling is just before the dawn of walnut adolescence—the age of innocence in walnuts.

It is just that little extra skill in selecting the right walnuts at the right age for pickling that makes Lazenby Pickled Walnuts so different.

It is a method of selection handed down from Elizabeth Lazenby who first offered Pickled Walnuts in 1790.

Lazenby's

Obtainable
at all Grocers

PICKLED WALNUTS

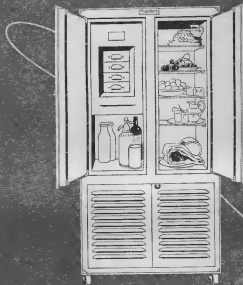
$\frac{1}{2}$ -pint jars

1/1

Pint jars

1/10 $\frac{1}{2}$

MADE IN LONDON BY E. LAZENBY & SON, LIMITED.

FRIGIDAIRE FOR THE HOME *for £4.10.0 down*

Cash prices from £45 upwards.

When your food is kept really cold, it is kept really safe, wholesome and fresh. When it is kept merely cool, at any temperature above 50°, bacteria multiply in it 400 times faster than below that level. Your senses cannot detect their presence. You can only prevent their harmful activities by keeping your food in a refrigerator. In a Frigidaire the temperature is always below 50°. Your larder is only as cold as that 35 days in the year! Fill in the coupon and get full particulars of the Frigidaire model to suit your needs.

London Showrooms:
Chaplin Street House, S.W.1, and
Imperial House, Kensington, W.8.
Branches at
Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds,
Brighton, Glasgow and Edinburgh.

Frigidaire
Automatic Electrical Refrigeration

**Post
this coupon**

Please send me,
without obligation,
complete information about
Frigidaire

Name

Address

No. in family

FRIGIDAIRE, LIMITED *(Incorporated in Canada)*
Dept. A-56, Chaplin Street House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1



The Secret of Happiness

—is it not, after all, just to possess the certainty of security? Without security, happiness is impossible.

How many times must everyone ask doubtfully—“Now what would happen, if . . . ?” If income were lost—if accident befell unexpectedly—if long illness threatened?


Modern insurance is the safeguard of happiness, offering a ready means by which security can be made almost absolute. And insurance can be planned so

carefully to meet the individual need that, no matter if present income is very limited, adequate protection can be provided without undue sacrifice.

For your own sake, in any case, and certainly for their sake, if wife and children are dependent on you, learn all you can about modern insurance.

Write to-day for a prospectus, published by the Friends' Provident & Century Life Office, which explains how, without sacrifice, you can make the future secure.

FRIENDS' PROVIDENT AND CENTURY LIFE OFFICE

Established 1832  *Funds Exceed £5,000,000*

Head Offices:

42 Kingsway, London, W.C. 2

18 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh



Daimler

ALL ROADS ARE STRAIGHT and safe to the Daimler. Its silent sleeve-valve engine endows it with such remarkable powers of acceleration, and so excellent are its qualities of braking, steering and road-holding that, although safety may demand a walking-pace through villages and towns, an average speed of 40 m.p.h. can be maintained in comfort without at any time exceeding 55 m.p.h. For the Daimler owner, Midland towns are brought within two hours of London's suburbs; while a day's journey of 400 miles is no arduous undertaking.

DOUBLE SIXES:

50 & 30

SIXES:

35/120

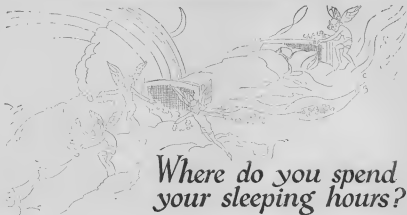
25/85

20/70

16/55



THE DAIMLER CO. LTD. COVENTRY



Where do you spend your sleeping hours?

Do you just float gently away into the peaceful land of perfect sleep, or do you count masses of woolly sheep—and only achieve a nightmare as reward?

A night of sleeplessness and troubled dreams takes all the life out of you. It puts your nerves on edge. You're tired before you start to do a thing.

All because you failed to soothe and feed your nerves

When you've been dashing about all day, worrying over this or that or thinking about the other thing, you can't expect your nerves to rest without your Horlick's.

The balanced nourishment of Horlick's is so easy to digest that it soothes and feeds your nerves even as you sip it. It enables your nerves to rest and you to sleep—peaceful sleep—the prelude to a glorious to-morrow.

HORLICK'S

THE ORIGINAL MALTED MILK

Call for a glass of Horlick's at the nearest cafe, restaurant or soda fountain. For liberal past free sample send 3d. in stamps.

Ready in a moment with hot or cold water only. Sold by Chemists and Grocers 2/-, 3/6, 8/6 and 13/-.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., LONDON, ENGLAND.

NOV 11th
WEAR A
FLANDERS
POPPY



The Empire Christmas Mails

"Of course I'll post them for you. But what a bundle!"

"Well, I've made a heap of friends up and down the Empire one time and another. And this year....."

"This year?"

"—There's something worth writing overseas about. Empire's in the air here this autumn, isn't it? Everybody's thinking of Empire buying. Lots of people are talking about it. Quite a few are really doing it. Here and there a clever shopkeeper has realised what's coming and is specializing in Empire goods. He's stolen a march on his rivals, but they'll copy him fast enough. So I've told all my friends to come over next summer and see for themselves the Empire coming alive in the shop windows at home."



*For all your
Christmas presents
and all your
Christmas fare—*

BUY
EMPIRE PRODUCE
from Home and
Overseas

ALL the music of your loud speaker comes from your High Tension Battery



H.T. BATTERY

Type WJ. 10-volts.
Capacity 2,500
mili-ampere hours.



PRICE

5/-

For 10-volt unit.
Gd. per volt.

Do you fully realise that the *only* current to operate your loud speaker is your H.T. supply?

Broadcast transmissions serve merely to modulate your battery current, which should be absolutely free from fluctuations.

This is why the hum or voltage changes of Battery Eliminators or inferior batteries are apt to ruin the best programmes.

Exide WJ High-Tension batteries enable full volume to be obtained with complete freedom from distortion or background noises.

Improve the standard of your reception by fitting Exide WJ Batteries.

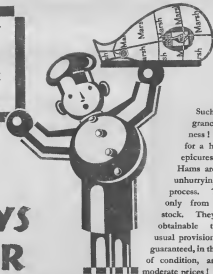
Exide

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY

Obtainable from your local dealer or Exide Service Agent

Advertisement of The Chloride Electrical Storage Co., Ltd., Clifton Junction, Manchester

**THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY TO
GET HAM SIR
LIKE THIS —**



**ASK
ALWAYS
FOR
MARSH'S YORK HAM!**

Such delicious appetising fragrance! Such melting tenderness! Such flavour—prized for a hundred years among epicures! Marsh's York Hams are cured by a slow unhurrying time-honoured process. They are made only from finest English stock. They are quickly obtainable through your usual provisioner—wrapped, guaranteed, in the very prime of condition, and at most moderate prices!

MARSH & BAXTER LTD. BRIERLEY HILL.



That After-Dinner Speaker!

BABBITT THOMPSON was a big man in his way and, consequently, he was called upon to speak at some of the functions he attended.

An excellent fellow Babbitt Thompson. But, oh, such a boring after-dinner speaker! His slow delivery, his stilted phrases, his superior manner, bored his listeners to distraction.

"Thank goodness!" we all said when at last he sat down. By the weightiness of his utterances one got the impression he had some urgent message to deliver, but what that message was, goodness only knew! It never seemed to materialise.

As with after-dinner speakers, so with advertisements. In every line

of business there are always some which have more personality than others, some which succeed better in gripping the imagination of the public. Some which deliver their message with an enthusiasm, a sincerity, a directness and a strength.

Viewed as an advertising campaign such enthusiasm is contagious. The public enter into the spirit of the thing. They respond.

An advertising agency such as Greenly's, with an enthusiasm for the product rather than for excessive idealism in the advertising columns, is likely to produce for clients an infinitely more lasting and valuable goodwill. And, judging by the success of accounts conducted by Greenly's, this is so!

National **Greenly's** Advertising
Ltd.



Pride in a 'Lincoln Bennett' is not confined to its makers. The man who wears it takes pride in it also. Yet may he be a truly modest man—and his purse modest also. A guinea, or as much more as you like, will purchase a soft felt hat—or a bowler.

Lincoln Bennett

HATS
of Character
and Reputation

LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD.
LONDON 40 Piccadilly, W.1
and 5 Queen Victoria St., E.C.4
GLASGOW 27 Gordon Street
BIRMINGHAM 50 New Street
MANCHESTER 52 King Street
LIVERPOOL 8 Dale Street

Agents throughout the Kingdom.

Write for a copy
of our interesting
booklet "Felt
Hats, and what
they mean to you."

Inherited Excellence

The excellence of Dexter Tailoring is inherent. It derives from a long tradition of fine craftsmanship. Into the Dexter Overcoats of to-day—coats remarkable for their elegance, both of fabric and fashioning—goes the experience of many yesterdays. Now that there's a keen nip in the air of a morning, some thought must be given to the overcoat question. Why not a Dexter Overcoat?



DEXTER
FINE TAILORED
OVERCOATS
R.W. FORSYTH

VIGO HOUSE
REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.
ALSO AT GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH.

The average case of cancer is not incurable. Over 50,000 people died of cancer in 1925 in England. But this need not be. The disease is often curable *if dealt with in time*.

While science strives without ceasing to find the cause of cancer, skill can sometimes make a cure. Every cure counts. The man or the woman—the father or the mother who was threatened but was rescued—these are the precious prizes for which we must fight. And it is with an improving record of results that the Middlesex Cancer Hospital appeals to you for help and, even as you read these words, is watching every post for your response.

For many years the Middlesex Cancer Hospital was in fact, if not in name, a home for the dying. It watched over some hundred men and women, comforting their last days, relieving their pain, closely studying each case but on the whole striving without much hope. And then a break appeared in the clouds and it became known that prompt and early treatment would sometimes—yes would often result in a complete cure. Forty beds have now been set aside for the cases in which it is not yet “too late.” Is it right that in this fight for life or death the Hospital should be in want of funds? Surely not! But now that you know, you will help to carry on and extend its work?

Contributions should be forwarded to:
The Treasurer, The Middlesex Cancer Hospital, Nassau Street, London, W.1

WHY BE CONTENT WITH 5%?

You can get a guaranteed 7%, 10%, 15%, or even 20%, according to age.

Why deprive yourself one day longer than necessary of comforts which this larger income will provide for you? Why run the risk of a further depletion of your Capital and a further loss of Income? Why not make your Income *sure* as well as larger, and thereby enjoy contentment of mind with its beneficial effect on your health?

Do what many others are to-day doing: Sell your stocks and shares and buy a "Sun Life of Canada" Annuity with the proceeds. A retired professional man has doubled his income by making this safe exchange. This "two years' Income in one" will be paid to him every year as long as he lives. It will never fail. No more worry, no more wondering how to make ends meet. Life is now a different thing for him.

Think what it would mean to you—a far larger Income; an absolutely safe Income; an *unalterable* Income for Life Guaranteed by a Company with over £70,000,000 assets under very strict Government supervision.

Write for full details of our Annuities, so that we can show you how much better you can employ your Capital—what a much larger income you can enjoy, and how much safer it will be. *Better terms are granted in cases of impaired health*, and there are many kinds of annuities, including a *guaranteed return of Purchase Price*. Please give exact date of birth and amount of Capital at your disposal.

FOR YOUNGER MEN AND WOMEN

£250 a year for life, commencing say at age of 60.

A deferred annuity, purchased by easy yearly instalments, and to commence when the annuitant wishes to retire—say at 60 or earlier—solves the problem of providing for old age. Meanwhile it protects the family; for £3,000, £2,000, or whatever amount is agreed upon, will be paid to them should the Policyholder not live to qualify for the annuity. This is a wonderfully advantageous plan—the biggest step you can take towards financial independence. Thrift without sacrifice! Let us explain it more fully to you. Write, giving exact age and amount you can save yearly to J. F. Junkin (General Manager), Sun Life of Canada, 22, Sun of Canada House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C. 2.

Gifts for Overseas

*Eversharp
always hits
the mark*



If he can write—Eversharp. 70 models in enamel, plate, silver and gold. One that just fits that amount you have fixed in your mind—anything from 2/6d. to £6. There are no packing difficulties with Eversharp, and postage is very little. And what better gift for a distant friend—to keep remembrance green and grateful by its everyday usefulness. Send Eversharp—and post early.

Last Mail:
Canada, Dec. 18.

W. Indies,
Dec. 6.



EVERSHARP
The name is on the pencil

The Wahl Eversharp Co., Ltd., 197 Great Portland St., London, W.1

LINCOLN



No car in the world is a better car than the Lincoln. . . . If, in connection with that statement, its moderate price needs explanation, consider this. A Lincoln is the product of an industrial organisation such as the world has never seen before; an organisation that owns its own mines and forests; its own collieries and railways. Thus, in the manufacture of the Lincoln, there are practically no outside profits to be paid. It can be sold, and is sold, at a price well-nigh half that of other cars even approaching it in quality.

Chassis Price - £980.

Eight cylinder. Mechanical six-brake system.

You are invited to inspect the Lincoln at 16, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

Dealers in all principal cities and towns.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY,

Division of Ford Motor Co. (England) Ltd.

Trafford Park, Manchester.



Cabriolet de Ville, by Barker.

*There is an AutoStrop
Shaving Cream, too.
Made by the same people.
Makes a good blade
shave even better.*



Up or Down

Up or down. Tough skin or tender. Round hair-pin bends or hogging along the straight—rely on a "Valet" for the smoothest of smooth shaves.

The secret is the sharpness of the blade—and the reason of that sharpness is the stropping.

Not a cumbersome separate stropping machine, but a device that is part and parcel of the razor. Ten seconds a day without removing the blade and you have an edge like new or better than new. Not once but 50 or 60 times for 50 or 60 perfect shaves.

"VALET" Auto-Strop Safety Razor



Illustration shows the No. 50 de Luxe Set with heavily silvered razor, strop and reserve blades, in highly polished nickel-plated case. 21/-

British Made

Of all dealers
from 2/6 to 45/-



CHARIVARIA.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR mentions that he speaks to everybody in a train unless they look particularly grumpy. Travellers who look particularly grumpy little realise what they miss.

At the annual banquet of the Cycle and Motor-Cycle Manufacturers' Union Sir HAROLD BOWDEN revealed the fact that the first person who ever cycled to the Pyramids was Lord BUCKENHURST as a boy. The Pyramids have had an eventful history.

MR. BALDWIN has declared that he still thinks *Grimm's Fairy Tales* the finest collection ever made. Nothing approaching them has yet been produced by the Opposition Press.

MR. L. S. AMERY has backed the winner of the Melbourne Cup. And yet there are people who complain that the Government is lacking in vision.

A film dealing with the London drainage system is to be made. It is extraordinary how our young dramatists have overlooked so obvious a theme.

During the hearing of a case at Westminster Police Court a man struck his wife in the face. He shouldn't have done that. After all, what do people have homes for?

A leader-writer in a Liberal paper mentions that news from Montreal indicates that Indians of the Six Nations have decided to return to their Indian gods. What kind of god did he expect them to turn to? Mr. LLOYD GEORGE?

The decision of these Indians to renounce Christianity is believed to have been a precautionary measure prompted by rumours that the Higher Clergy were seeping one another.

"Big Bill" THOMPSON, Mayor of Chicago, is not a self-made man, we read. Then his parents must have been greatly to blame.

A Skogness nonagenarian, who celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his wedding last week, never tasted white bread till nearly twenty years ago.

Distists of both schools will agree, however, that Skogness is so bracing that this proves nothing.

It seems that the gaming laws are not contravened at greyhound races if the bookmakers keep moving. Electric bookmakers are bound to come.

A club for asthmatics is to be formed. There has long been a want of some place where they could meet and exchange wheezes.

A comedian has caused a theatrical sensation by resigning his part because he considered himself overpaid. What makes some comedians so funny is that they don't.

minds him of Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN. He didn't say if he has a goose that reminds him of a taxpayer.

Complaint is made of the inaudibility of Oxford lecturers. Many undergraduates are said to be incapacitated by ear-strain.

SIR NEVILLE LETTLETON informs *The Times* that he remembers Mr. GLADSTONE speaking of the appearance of *fermho*, and that "I devoured it, lying on my stomach on the hearthrug" were his exact words. This should not rest the long controversy as to Mr. GLADSTONE'S attitude in that matter.

In Chinese theatres, we read, two eggs will secure admission to the pit. In this country one tomato will sometimes secure ejection from the gallery.

The experiences of a stout woman tenant who got wedged in the pantry door of a house provided by a Surrey urban council and had to be rescued by a neighbor draws attention to one of the disadvantages of these ready-to-ward houses.

A criminologist writing in *The Daily Mail* says that we are a most unobservant people. Quite so. It must be years since a pedestrian, after being rolled over by a charabanc, "That, I believe, is a thirty-horse-power Dreadnought, halloo tyres, slave valves, but a bit heavy on petrol, I fear."

The council of the Lawn Tennis Association propose to debar amateurs from writing articles for pay in the Press. Happily the Press Association has no such rule.

Languages are now being taught by the aid of the gramophone. We have heard of men who have learnt quite a lot of language with the help of the instrument next-door.

With reference to the popularity of ginger-wine at children's Christmas parties a brewing expert says that parents would be surprised if they realised that it often contains five times as much alcohol as beer does. Not parents who know anything about beer, we think.



"'O WOT, GUV'NOR?'"

"I DISBERT TO SAY THAT CAPABLANCA WAS BEATEN AT THE FORTY-THIRD MOVE."

At a meeting of the Brentford Guardians attention was drawn to the fact that people in motor-cars visit their aged parents in the workhouse. Even motorists, it seems, are not without a sense of filial duty.

We have been unable to obtain confirmation of the rumour that Dr. BAXTER is preparing a further ecclesiastical bombshell in the form of a proposal to divide the bishoprics into Sees and Tennessees.

A photograph has been published of a French athlete playing diablo with his feet, while standing on his head, on a platform of the Eiffel Tower. That, if we remember rightly, is not the correct way to play diablo.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL has told his constituents that on his pond at home he has a diving duck that re-

THE CHAPERON RETURNS.

"CHAPERONS," announced Phyllis, "are coming in again."
 "Then the Great War really is over," I sighed. "Nearly all the institutions which perished finally and irrevocably during Armageddon have crept back. Stiff collars, the topper, Conservative Governments, spats and finally chaperons. When did they arrive?"

"Several of our smartest *débutantes* have recently been noticed with them."

"Are you speaking from observation or are you quoting 'To-day's Gossip'?"

"I have tactually seen one," admitted Phyllis. "When they're seen everywhere they won't be coming in, will they?"

"Having tasted freedom," I said, "I am surprised you should want to recall the restraints of chaperonage. Surely you remember—"

"I hardly go back as far as that," said Phyllis. "In fact I'm a little vague about the duties of a chaperon."

"According to the best novels of the period," I explained, "she existed to protect her young, to ensure that no partner of her daughter danced two waltzes with her in succession without declaring his intentions."

"Were dancing men so plentiful in those days?" asked Phyllis incredulously.

"On the contrary, the dice were loaded against them, with the natural result that they had prior engagements."

"Poor girls," sighed Phyllis. "We can always fall back on our Lizards."

"Chaperons will try to stamp out the Lizard. What is more, they will frown on short skirts, the Eton crop and the cocktail. The foundations of modern life will be undermined."

"Of course I can see that chaperons will be rather a nuisance," she admitted. "But if they're in I must have one, mustn't I?"

"I shall feel discouraged if I am asked to declare my intentions."

"Don't worry. My chaperon will be perfectly disciplined."

Phyllis wore a look with an engaging crimoline effect. She outcried prettily in greeting me and turned down my suggestion of a cocktail.

"In this," I asked, "reform?"

"I must live up to my chaperon," she said.

"Then you've dug one out?"

"I wish you wouldn't use this modern slang. There she is. A little lonely, poor old dear. She doesn't know anyone, of course, but she's been three times to the buffet."

"Doesn't know anyone?" I exclaimed. "Then where did you find her?"

"I advertised," she cried triumphantly. "If we have professional partners, why not professional chaperons? And professionals are so much easier to control."

"She looks disgracefully young."

"They do, at her age. But she's not so young as she's painted. Heavens! if she isn't dancing."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because she was engaged on the explicit understanding that she should fulfil the duties of a chaperon exactly as you described them. And there's a gossip-writer here to-wit— I could cry."

"Be consoled," I said; "this crimoline thing is rather jolly."

"Yes, it was designed to go with my chaperon. The only chaperon in the room. And then she— Look! she's got a balloon. Oh, it's too bad!"

"Phyllis, old thing," I said, "you made a mistake in

engaging a professional. You should have brought your mother."

"Mother refused. She wouldn't give up the Charleston."

"But haven't you a dear old aunt who could have acted?"

"Aunt refused too," sighed Phyllis. "Too busy. She's scouring London to find a chaperon for herself."

TO MRS. GAMP IN ELYSIUM:

[Suggested by Mr. BARDWELL's recent declaration that, after paying due honour to another world to "good Sir Walter" and "Jane," he would like to "go into a corner" and hold converse with Mrs. Gamp.]

We know there is, in some far nook of space,
 A wondrous high-walled place
 Where Rosinante feeds with Sancho's ass
 On clover-speckled grass;

Domine Sampson dwells within those gates,
 And Crusoe and Miss Bates,
 And Monsieur Jourdain and Ysabel the Fair,
 And lo! thou too art there.

Thou too art there; thy pattens clink upon
 Bright paths of azure stone,
 And thy umbrella hangs upon the wall
 With Gram and Durandal.

Now leaning o'er a "parapidge" of gold
 Thy profile we behold
 (We had not thought of this, yet who dares doubt
 That it has come about?).

Surely thou hast thy russet tea-pot still
 And "cowcubers" at will;
 The spicy groves will yield thee store enough
 Of choice and fragrant snuff.

With Mrs. Harris and her Voiceful Nine
 Thou mayest sit and dine,
 While she, if ever things should "go contrary,"
 May still breathe, "Send for Salrey!"

And surely the perfection of thy bliss
 Beyond the stars is this:
 That Mrs. Harris is no figure now,
 But quite as real as thou.

D. M. S.

"The directors of the German Dye Trust, who held a meeting at the Lyons Works yesterday, have issued a colourless communiqué." *Financial Paper.*

Acting on the old motto, "Never Say Dye."

"Wagner made his own music live and has been an inspiration to many a composer since. . . . He pronounced his name *Wagner*." *Weekly Paper.*

Slightly rolling the first "s" in his more joyous moments.

"Contract for supplying boots for members of the city police force was awarded to Johnson's Big Shoe House." *British Columbia Paper.*

So the joke about the policeman's feet has reached B.C. We thought it started there.

From "Eight Prize Poems":—

"From where was the title of the novel 'If Winter Comes' taken? From Keats's 'Ode to Autumn.'"—*Sunday Paper.*

Sessen of mellow mists and fruitfulness,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?
 Meanwhile there seems to be a dreadful mess
 In the sub-editor's instructive mind.



THE END OF THE SILLY SEASON.

THE PRIME GARDENER MAKES A BONFIRE OF THE RUBBISH.



Dejected Populist (to Thatcher). "THAT'S FROM THAT EDITOR HIGHBROW. WANTS ME TO TELL 'EM 'OW I LOSE. 'OW WOULD THE SAY 'BOKK IN THE PAW' IN A THOUSAND WORDS?"

FLAT BATTLES.

II.—THE KITTEN SKIRMISH.

Frances said that it was lost on the roof and had come in through our kitchen window (which opens on to the slates) in search of food and sympathy. I said I could not imagine any London cat considering itself lost on a roof, and added that it probably belonged to one of the adjoining houses. Frances retorted that there were twenty-one adjoining houses on our side of the square, and that, though conceivably it might have originated from one of them, it wouldn't have come into ours if it had known its way back. And anyway, she added, she knew it really was lost, because it was mewling so piteously. When I suggested it was her duty to try to find the owner, she simply said, "What—when the poor thing's lost and starving? You men are so callous." At which I dropped the subject and returned to my study.

Frances spent ten minutes in the kitchen trying nobly, I gather, to persuade the kitten that it was half-starved, while the animal toyed politely

with whatever she gave it without actually going so far as to eat it. She then gave up and came down to lunch. The kitten followed her, and here our real argument began.

Frances said: "What shall we call it?"

I answered briefly, much as *Hotspur* answered *Glendower*: "You can call it what you like: it won't come to you."

"Of course it will," said Frances, "won't you, kittens? Kikikikikikiki!"

She made a noise at it like a car-bu-ster stammering, and it ran in terror under the Chesterfield.

Frances, put on her mottle, left her lunch and spent seven minutes wooing the kitten from its dugout with the corner of a napkin.

"I bet it doesn't stay here," I said at the end.

"Of course it will. It's come to live here because a nice kind lady rescued it from the nasty cold roof."

"It will have run away by this evening," I repeated, and nearly added, "Back home," but wasn't brave enough.

"Nonsense," retorted Frances in militant tones. "It'll stay, because it

likes people who feed starving animals." She reached down and offered it a bit of bread soaked in gravy. The starving animal ran eagerly at it and bumped its nose on it, for it was too young to be a judge of distances. It then rubbed the morsel with its left ear and the back of its head, knocked it twice as if Frances' hand, patted it twice as if hopeful that it might run about, and finally left it on the carpet.

I murmured something about starvation being a horrible death, and Frances glowered at me. "I shall butter its paws," she announced at last, "and then it will stay."

"Why butter?" I said alertly. "Wouldn't seecotine be better?"

Frances reached for the butter-dish in an intense silence.

She picked the kitten up and buttered its paws with some difficulty owing to the animal's protests. In fact she hushed the whole kitten fairly thoroughly. Then she dropped it on the floor. It fell, as usual in these circumstances, butter side down.

"What does it do now?" I asked with simulated interest.

"It—er—licks the butter off," said Frances without conviction.

"Then it'll have to hurry up if it wants any," I replied, surveying the kitten's tracks on our blue carpet.

"Oh, it'll stay all right now," remarked Frances airily. "I shall call it Tibbles. Tibbles! Tibbles! Tibbles!" she added in the high soprano women use on these occasions; whereupon the kitten made a determined but unsuccessful attempt to leap out of the window into the upper air.

"Why, it can hardly tear itself away," I remarked.

"Did the horrid man frighten my Tibbles?" said Frances, who is nothing if not a woman.

"No, he didn't," I said stiffly.

"He looked at my nice kitten with his ugly unbrushed hair."

I hurriedly smoothed it down.

"Nasty man, isn't he?" went on Frances, resuming her conversation with the kitten.

"Meh!" went the kitten, achieving half a mew. It wasn't in very good voice, but Frances, with some partiality, took this to mean "Yes," and continued:—

"We wonder, don't we, Tibbles?"

The kitten was understood to say, "What do we wonder?"

"We wonder why he wear that horrid blue tie with his brown suit."

The kitten, to the ear of faith, replied that it considered the blue tie too foul for words.

I fingered my neck-wear and felt uncomfortable. A woman conversing with an animal or a baby can always score off a man.

"Meh!" went the kitten suddenly.

"What?" said Frances, affecting not to have caught the idea.

The kitten repeated.

"Yes," said Frances, "I agree. I think he ought to throw that tie away. It doesn't match."

I rose with dignity. I was beginning to feel *de trop*.

"Darling!" said Frances suddenly.

I paused, mollified.

"What, dear?"

"Oh, I was talking to Tibbles," said Frances loftily.

"Well, talk away," I answered rather ruffled. "I expect you find him an ideal conversationalist, because he can't talk back. And anyway you won't have him long. He'll be off when you let go of him."

"He's going to stay for ever and ever," began Frances. And then the door-bell rang. Abigail the maid was out, and as it was my day I answered it.

There was a lady without, who asked if by any chance we had seen her kitten, by name Fluffie. I returned to the



JOHN. "MOTHER, HOW SHALL I DRESS AUGUSTA? SHE SEEMED HADN'T THE SENSE FOR SHORT SLEEVES."

sitting-room and, Frances protesting, picked up Tibbles, *à la* Fluffie, and handed him back.

"Thank you," said the lady from next-door suspiciously. "I can't imagine how he got into your flat. I put him out on our roof to get a little exercise, because he had just eaten such a lot of fish, and I didn't think he could ever get over the paracetamol. But I hope he's been no trouble."

"Not at all," I said, fingering my tie. "I've been listening to his conversation with great interest. Let me tell you, however, he has a poor eye for colour."

I returned with Frances to the sitting-room, murmuring "Poor lost starving kitten!" to myself. A. A.

"Red fox stole."—*Advt. in Evening Paper.*
We see nothing very unusual in that. They're always doing it.

ANYHOW ESSAYS.

IV.—THE TRUTH ABOUT HOLLYWOOD.

Most of the vulgar notions about Hollywood are entirely wrong. It is not a place of hectic luxury and flaunting vice. Far, far otherwise.

For some time I had feared a flat disillusionment of this kind. And now with Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON'S *Alice in Movieland* it has come.

Bright lads and lasses from all parts of the habitable globe leave home to go to Hollywood. Hungary. Italy. Sweden. Germany. England. Spain. This is true. Mrs. WILLIAMSON admits it. They like the notion of going on the screen. There is Money in the thing. There is Fame. But they don't value Money or Fame very much. Hardly at all, I think.

Quite clearly, on the evidence of the book, it is the literary and artistic atmosphere of Hollywood that draws them more than anything else.

WOULDN'T IT FEEL YOU?

Wonderful girls they have to be to get a chance of making good, with "eyes large as napkin-rings, lashes an inch long, a mouth shaped like a heart, an irresistible nose or a complete assortment of dimples." But I guess education is what they are after. They only seek Fame and Fortune, not to mention love and luxury, by the way.

And the same thing applies to the handsome, virile, magnetic young men. Culture, however much they may disguise it, even from themselves, is the goal. For all the "zenth stars" of Hollywood are literary women or literary men.

Film stars read books about architecture. They browse in garden-books. They pore over two-volume tomes on the subject of old furniture. They are celebrated for their learning and their quick wit. Practically speaking, they are highbrows. . . .

LET'S HAVE A LITTLE HISTORY FOR THE AGE.

And I wonder that they are not more nervous about having this known.

You can talk poetry and romance with MARY PICKFORD in several languages . . . one of which is bird language, because "she has a canary bird

that must go with her wherever she goes, or Mary won't travel." She talks to the bird and the bird talks to her in bird language, which MARY learnt by instinct and speaks perfectly now.

But she speaks French and Italian just as well.

She likes to listen in everything she does. It gives one such a nice warm feeling round the heart.

DOUG TOO IS A BIT OF A DON.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS loves to browse in history. "He goes back into the



Sketches. "WELL?

Sketches. "FELICITY, SIR, AM I STUPID? I CALL A PERSON 'MADAM' WHO WANTS A PARS' OVEN O' CANARY SEED?"

period of his pictures, whatever it may be, and lives there till the film is finished." . . . Happily he does not have to go far, for most periods of history are kept on tap at Hollywood. . . .

"Pola Negri is a reader of books before anything else, but they must be the right books. When she has found a book she loves, even if she has spent a hard tiresome day at the studio, she will take the book to bed with her and lie awake all night reading it. What she loves to do doesn't tire her."

She spends these studious vigils in a bedroom bung with rare old-gold brocade. . . .

MARION DAVIES KNOWS "all of English history since the YEAR ONE."

"The bookshelves of Bebe Daniels are filled, but not crowded, with more

than twenty-five thousand volumes. First editions are a craze with the elite in Movieland, but Bebe Daniels is easily the leading bookworm."

Who is the leading lady bookworm, I wonder, on the English stage?

SAY, BABY, WHERE DO YOU GET GET ON VOLUBLE?

MR. ADOLPHE MENJOU has read most of the books worth reading, and another star (I think it is Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN) has read "every word while book, old or new, under the sun." There are not

many eminent literary critics who, even when elderly, are able to say as much as that. . . .

The marvel is that the Zenith Stars can find so much time for orgies of the intellect, for they have many cares. Besides their work and their recreations they are most of them landowners at Hollywood, having several houses and large estates.

They also have to worry about their Fan Mail. It is true that they have secretaries to attend to their Fan Mail, but if their Fan Mail is falling off in quantity it means that they are losing hold on the public, that they are going down. . . .

They have to attend the movie-theatres at Hollywood, and to take care that they are mobbed when going in. If they are not severely mauled and pulled about by admirers that is another bad sign. . . .

And most of all they have to preserve their S.A. Nothing can be done at Hollywood without S.A.

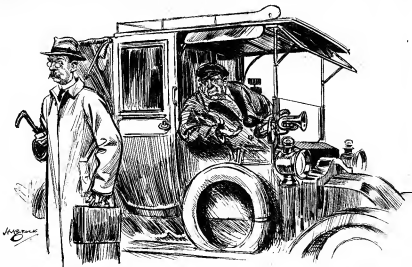
S.A. is not exactly the same as Personal Magnetism, but it is something rather like it.

If you have seen actors and actresses on the screen whose names you cannot remember, who made no lasting impression on you, the people at Hollywood would tell you the cause. . . .

"THE FOUR FISH HAS NO S.A."

If you have beauty and wealth and wonderful garments and health and cheerfulness at Hollywood yet have not S.A., you are as nothing.

You are a Calamity, a Dud. And if you think I am going to tell you what S.A. stands for, you are very much mistaken. You must find out for yourself. . . .



Taxi-Driver (to fare who has given no tip). "I SHOULD SAY FOUND-NOTES SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS AS EASY AS FLY PAPERS!"

And then there are troubles with Rivals. . . .

And then there are troubles with Directors, every one of whom is a dynamo, and probably a temperamental dynamo at that.

And trouble with Scenario Makers, and Producers and Cutters, and Continuity Men.

It's a weary life, you would think for Hollywood stars. Even though they use underdresses when only their back view is required.

But they never falter.

Bright, gracious and witty, they spend their time in Venetian and Tudor palaces, improving their minds. They ring the bell for the English butler. He comes in.

"PRICE ME 'THE CRITIQUE OF PUNCE REASON.'"

He brings it in on a silver salver, bows and retires. . . .

You must have seen that happen many a time on the screen.

But does the public want to know all this?

Will it not shatter their dreams to learn that DOUG FAIRBANKS and the world's sweetheart are always sweetening away at the Early Fathers or reading GORTON aloud to the canary?

Does it fit your notion of GLORIA SWANSON to think of her humming the Norse eddas to herself or mugging up the list of Merovingian kings?

Was it wise for the Film Stars to confess all this?

Does it do any good to their S.A.?

When I go to the movies or the quickies—that is the name of the more patchwork kind of film—I want to see Magnetism, Beauty, Virility, Grace.

Yes, Sir.

I don't go to see a lot of blessed hook-worms condescending to leave their libraries for a moment in order to improve my intellectual tone. . . .

Haven't I got the programme and the sub-titles to read? Even.

Knowledge Comes . . .

A few extracts from essays written by children after a lecture entitled "The Relation of the Royal Navy to Empire Trade":—

"The supremacy of our Navy has more than once kept us from infection."

"Whenever there are not any wars the Navy are active."

"Australia grows a quantity of apples, pears, peaches, frozen mutton and other things which are sent in the colonies."

"Canada grows beautiful red apples and other tinned fruits."

THE WATCHMAKER'S SHOP.

A STREET in our town
Has a queer little shop
With tumble-down walls
And a thatch on the top;
And all the wee windows
With crookedy panes
Are shining and winking
With watches and chains.

(All sorts and all sizes
In silver and gold,
And brass ones and tin ones
And new ones and old;
And clocks for the kitchen
And clocks for the hall,
High ones and low ones
And wag-at-the-wall.)

The watchmaker sits
On a long-legged seat
And bids you the time
Of the day when you meet;
And round and about him
There's tickety-tock
From the tiniest watch
To the grandfather clock.

I wonder he doesn't
Get tired of the chime
And all the clocks ticking
And telling the time;
But there he goes winding
Lest any should stop,
This queer little man
In the watchmaker's shop.

EXPLORING ALL AVENUES.

I.

The proprietor was showing his senior clerk an advertisement he intended to display.

"What do you think of it, Mr. Biffin?" he asked.

The old clerk gulped hard and lied courageously.

"Very good indeed, Sir," he answered. The proprietor fixed him with a glaring eye.

"Are you saying that," he demanded, "because it is the truth or because it is the right thing to say?"

For a second the subordinate hesitated.

"Surely, Sir," he murmured, "you do not differentiate between the two."

The Editor of *Snip-Snaps* regrets that the enclosed contribution is unsuitable for his publication.

II.

A little-known story is told of a curate, now vicar of a populous parish, who once silenced the redoubtable Archbishop TEMPLE. The Primate had described a scheme he intended introducing and asked the young man's opinion of it.

"Splendid, your Grace—splendid!" was the immediate response.

"Do you say that," growled TEMPLE, "because it is the truth or because it is the right thing to say?"

"I am surprised that your Grace should acknowledge any difference between the two," was the guileless rejoinder.

The Editor presents his compliments and regrets that the enclosed is not suitable for *The Evening Trumpet*.

III.

I looked in vain through Mr. Poppi-cock's *Life of Dr. Johnson* for a characteristic incident that illustrates the great man's integrity and wit in repartee. JOHNSON had warmly complimented a gentleman of his acquaintance on a maiden effort in literature when the recipient of his encomiums injudiciously asked—

"Do you make those flattering remarks, Doctor, because they are true or because you consider them the right things to say?"

"Sir," replied the famous lexicographer sternly, "no honest man would differentiate between the two."

The Editor of *O. K.'s Weekly* regrets he cannot make use of your contribution, which he returns with compliments and thanks.

IV.

Boys and girls should find inspiration in a little story from the youth of GEORGE WASHINGTON. One day he was out visiting with his father when the latter praised the paintings of his host.

"Mr. Washington," inquired the artist, "do you really mean the kind words you say or are you just saying the right thing?"

Little George turned frank surprised eyes to his father's face.

"Father," he asked wonderingly, "can there be any difference between the two?"

The Editors of *The Pets' Periodical* is greatly obliged by the offer of the enclosed M.S. and so much regrets she is unable to make use of it.

V.

The monk Papula, the seven-hundredth anniversary of whose birth is being held this week at Bumbleleigh, was a stalwart unfinching man who did not fear to speak his mind in the presence of kings.

A servile courtier was making a flattering remark to HENRY III. when the King stopped him.

"Sayest thou that in sooth, Sir Knight," he snapped, "or because it be courtesy so to say?"

"An Engle were ruled tighteously," commented the bold monk, with his flashing eyes on the monarch's face, "verily they twain would be one."

Church Chimes. Returned with the Editor's regrets.

VI.

At the — Glub the other day I scored rather neatly off the cantankerous Baal of —. I had taken the liberty of congratulating his Lordship on a speech he had made the previous week, when he turned on me in his well-known brusque manner.

"Are you saying that," he said gruffly, "because it is the truth or because it is the correct thing to say?"

"I do not recognise any difference between the two," I said promptly, and left him speechless.

The Editor of *The Daily Hoof* can use your par. with some slight alterations.

From "Lady Polly's Prattle" in *The Daily Hoof*—

"Oh, my dears, I must tell you this. At dinner the other evening I made a really truly growly helted earl squirm. I had told him how much I liked a little speech he had made, when he turned on me in his most growly belted early manner."

"Do you say that," Lady Polly, he snorted, "because it is the truth or because it is the correct thing to say?"

"Not being an earl," I replied in my honeyest voice, "I don't recognise any difference between the two."

"You should have heard the titter that went round the table, my dears; and at the first opportunity his gruffness made a hurried exit. But don't you think it served him right?"

VOX ROTARIANA.

Now is Trade no more a traffic
Proper to the teeming mart,
But Benevolence seraphic
And a function of the heart
Of revealing in its dealing the profundity of Art.

Gone the wary circumspection
That encompassed it of old,
For a brotherly affection
In the seller for the sold
(When one has it) is an asset more
dependable than gold;

While the Service which has pressed
her
Stamp on high commercial zeals,
And the business deals of yesterday,
transfigured to Ideals
Seem to notify a motif that abundantly appeals.

House of This and House of That
From their proud palatial haunts
Vie in beatific potter
To supply my little wants
With the fussing and discussing of a
dozen maiden aunts.

And the very hint of dross, it
Has an inharmonious sound,
So they ask for no deposit
When a customer is found
(Scenting squalor in the dollar and pollution in the pound).

Both the higher and the humble
Are as one upon this head.
Yet, methinks, I hear a grumble
That, when everything is said
For its working, there are lurking lies
upon the ginger-bread.

"He delights in serving freely,
I, that be shall serve me free;
So our aspirations telepathically must agree."
Thus will reason for a season the
delighted credites.

Till his Tailor, with a bill that
May have run a year or less,
Making hay of the goodwill that
Lives to cherish and to bless,
Urges "payment" for the raiment "to
avoid unpleasantness."

Another Sex Problem.

"— a Ltd. . . . Reg. Certified Massageur
Bath Man." — *Advt. in Provincial Paper.*



Anxious Inhabitant. "PUZZLING THE ROAD UP AGAIN! BUT YOU 'VE ONLY JUST REPAIRED IT."
Workman. "MY MATE WENT AN' LEFT 'IS TOOLS BEHIND, SIR."

THE TRIALS OF TOSPY.

XIII.—THE NOBLE ANIMAL.

WELL Trix dear I do think the horse is the most unbalanced and fraudulent object don't you, and that reminds me, masses of thanks for your celestial letter and it's quite angelic that you may be coming to London, but no darling I do not think that Mr. Haddock would suit you, well of course it's too prohibitive to express in words but what I mean is well for one thing I should hate you to have the sweet whiff of unhappiness and really he is the most ambiguous man, well for instance, but don't think

I'm putting you off or anything female because really my dear I'm wildly lukewarm and honestly my dear he spends the whole time introducing me to nice friends of his whom he'd like me to marry, my dear too Christian, and sometimes it really looks as if he really liked a girl and other times it merely looks as if he was merely evading her, so that what with one thing and another one simply never knows where you are, but what I meant about you darling, well with all his faults he does strike a rather spiritual note, and my dear don't think I'm being the least bit ungenial darling but my dear there are people

who are obviously incompatible aren't there?

Well for instance I was going to tell you, you see after my scene with Uncle Arthur about the stage heads and the shooting and everything, well whether it was something I said or what but this time they asked Mr. Haddock down here, because really my dear he's the only man I know who can look at a cock pheasant without wishing he had a gun, and well Uncle Arthur said that since we were both so keen on dumb animals we'd better go horse-riding together, which was rather unworthy perhaps because as a matter of fact I'm not

Nature's horse-woman, and I doubt if Mr. Haddock was exactly *born* in the saddle, however they chartered two *anemic* creatures from Wratchet-in-the-Hole and this afternoon off we went *hacking* or *hooking* or whatever it is.

Well my dear Mr. Haddock had a sort of black creature and I had a blonde, my dear the complete image of Catherine Tarver with the same ton-and-sixpenny auburn and the same sloppy eye, but my dear they both looked *Nature's* lambs only as Mr. Haddock said for sheer hypocrisy there's *nothing* like a horse and he said that lambs or not he has the most corrupting influence on them and *nearly* always they do something *perfectly* malignant and unexpected, well my dear of course he

wore the most *involuntary* clothes, my dear grey flannel trousers and black shoes and a pair of Uncle Arthur's gaiters and my dear I do think that horses feel it if you don't dress up for them perhaps, well as long as we were in the grounds they behaved like *nuns*, but my dear the moment we were on the road they developed the most congenial habits, well my creature had that *adolescent* trick of *losing* its head back and flattening a girl's nose if you're not very careful and my dear the whole time it was wanting to eat, and Mr. Haddock's horse

was quite incapable of *troting* or *walking* it *secretly* ambled and my dear *whenever* he said "Gee up" or made those plebeian tongue-sounds which my dear every horse is supposed to understand it *simply* stood on its *hind-legs* and walked round in circles *waving* its fore-paws and my dear looking too self-satisfied, well Mr. Haddock retained contact all right and really my dear he looked *rather* Cadogan but all the same we decided to cut out encouraging noises with the *result* my dear that we *simply* crawled and the more we crawled my dear the more my *sensory* horse was determined to eat.

Well Uncle Arthur had warned us not to go through Wratchet-in-the-Hole because it was market-day or something frantic, however Mr. Haddock seemed to have a *particular* craving to go through Wratchet-in-the-Hole and call on some friends of his so we went through Wratchet-in-the-Hole, and my

dear the moment we were in the *main* street of W-in-the-Hole my blonde beast *went* mad, and my dear it *gravitated* to the nearest shop and put its head in at the window, because my dear there was no glass and my dear if it had been a *greengrocer's* one could have *understood* it but what was so perfectly *uncanny* and *kumbly*, my dear it was a *fish-shop* and what do you think it *secretly* removed the *hugest* tin label with *FINE FRESH HADDOCK* on it and *lolloped* down the street with this *redundant* object in its teeth, well of course the *entire* population of W. followed us, my dear I blushed all down my back but worse for worse was to come, my dear you won't believe me but it went *straight* up to a policeman on point duty outside the Town Hall and *knelt* down on

lately *no vice* which was *perfectly* true but my dear I do think that a horse's *parlor tricks* can be just as *anti-social* as its *vices* don't you?

Well after this we *ambled* along the road some way without a crisis and talked and Mr. Haddock as usual said I ought to get married and I said why and he said because I was *Nature's* ray of sunshine and he knew herds of *distracting* bachelors who would *simply* tumble for me, so I said come to that why don't you get married yourself, well my dear he shook his head and looked too significant, my dear the *complete* secret-sorrow expression and I was just going to press him because I was sure he wanted to be pressed when as luck would have it he *sighed* loudly and his horse stood on its hind-



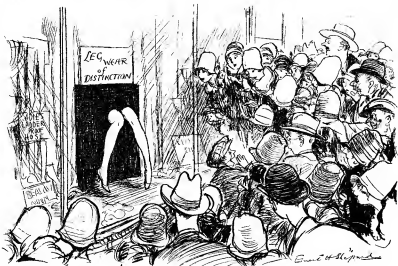
Father Wolf (setting off). "I wish you'd write a stiff note to the LAUNDRY. THIS MURDER'S CLOTHING HAS BEHUNK ABOMINABLY."

its fore-knees and dropped the *FINE FRESH HADDOCK* at his feet!!! And then my dear it got up and walked on in the most fraternal manner as if nothing had happened, well of course the policeman stopped us and he took the names and addresses of *everybody* present, and my dear when it came out that Mr. Haddock's name was Haddock it all looked too *utterly* felonious and improper, well when at last we got away Mr. Haddock said I know what, these horses have been in a *Circus*, and it turned out afterwards that's just what they were, my dear my creature had been one of those morbid *mathematical* horses which pick out the letters of the alphabet and everything, and they say whenever it sees *large print* it loses control, and Mr. Haddock's horse used to do that *superfluous* hind-leg waltzing act when the band keeps time with them, my dear too wearing, well they'd told us that the creatures had abso-

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legs again, my dear this is *gospel*, so after that we kept off all delicate subjects, well when we got to the Greens' place at that moment Mrs. Green herself rode out of the gate on the most *extensive* looking horse and my dear she's the *loveliest* girl, I leashed her at sight, and my dear she looked at me like something under a stone, and suddenly it *flashed* across me that perhaps Mr. Haddock had a *hopeless* passion for her, well of course my dear I felt too inopportune so I took my horse along the hedge and let it eat while they talked, well my dear they *withered* and all went well but when my *metretrichous* horse had eaten half the hedge it cocked up its head and saw a large NO TRESPASSERS board stuck in the hedge and my dear without a moment's hesitation it *secretly* plucked it out of the hedge and cantered back and *knelt* down and deposited it in front of Mrs. Green (!), my dear too pointed, I was *scrapped* in shame, well of course after that I declined to have any more *trust* with the animal so we left the horses there and came home in the charmer's car, well my dear all the way Mr. Haddock was *perfectly* lethargic and broody, so my dear you do see what I mean about your *happiness* darling because if it's a question of a girl's happiness I do not think that he's a *fraction* more reliable than that *radiant* *venturary* horse, and my dear in this life it isn't enough to be a *noble* animal and have no *vices*, so you see what I mean your true friend Topsy. A. P. H.



PUBLICITY.

AN ENTERPRISING HOSIER DRAWS INSPIRATION FROM A TIME-WORN FORM OF EXPOSURE.

SIMPLE PEOPLE. THE FAIRY GIFT.

ONCE there was a fairy who used to fly about and give people fairy gifts, and one day she flew into the dining-room of Miss Flock's school when nobody was there, and they were just going to have dinner and there were a lot of grapes on the sideboard, because Miss Flock believed in giving children plenty of fruit, it saved doctors' bills.

So the fairy touched one of the grapes and she said whoever eats this grape will know more than anybody else in this school, and then she flew away because she had other things to do.

Well the time came to eat the grapes, and Miss Flock said to Diana Willing who was the head girl now Diana you divide the grapes up equally and you must all eat your grapes slowly because they are rather expensive and you wouldn't get them at most schools.

So Diana divided the grapes up quite fairly, because she could be trusted to do that, and the one who got the grape that the fairy had touched was Joyce Sammers who was only eleven and the youngest girl in the school, and her father was a member of parliament and she was rather a favourite with Miss Flock.

Well when they began to eat their grapes Miss Flock said Joyce you seem to have a few more grapes than the others I think you might give one to Polly.

So Joyce said oh yes I should like to Miss Flock, and she gave the grape that the fairy had touched to Polly, who was Miss Flock's parrot and was sitting on his perch near the table, and the parrot said scratch a polli and took the grape in one of its claws and began to nibble at it.

Well nothing happened for a little time but they all went on eating their grapes and Miss Flock told them about Magna Carta, because she believed in improving conversation, but the girls didn't care for it much, it was too much like lessons.

So when Miss Flock had told them all she could remember about Magna Carta she said now I wonder if anybody can tell me the date of that.

And before anybody could speak the parrot held up its claw and said 1215.

Well they all laughed at that and they thought it was rather wonderful but the parrot must have heard somebody saying it, and Miss Flock laughed

too and she said to the parrot I shall have to make you teacher of history Polly.

And the girls laughed at that because Miss Flock liked them to laugh when she made jokes, and the parrot imitated them laughing and made it seem rather rude, and then it said Flock you're a silly old fool and you wear a wig.

Well Miss Flock did wear a wig but she didn't like people to know it, and she got very red and she said to the girls don't listen to what Polly says, I bought him from a sailor and now his bad language is coming out. And then she said to the maid who had just come

Well the girls were very shocked and they couldn't make out what had happened to the parrot and Miss Flock couldn't either but she was very angry at being called a skinny old vulture and directly the girls had gone out of the room she said to the maid throw this tablecloth over his head and then you can put him in his cage, and if he doesn't learn to be more polite we will drown him in the pond.

So the maid did that and the parrot was very angry and it tried to bite her through the tablecloth and it did get in one little nip but it didn't hurt much and she huddled it into the cage and shut the door.

Well of course the parrot was quite sensible enough since it had eaten the grape to see that things couldn't go on like that, so the next time it saw Miss Flock it said look here old turtle dove I'm sorry I lost my temper this morning but you know you wouldn't like it yourself if they fastened a chain to your leg now would you?

And Miss Flock said well perhaps I shouldn't but then I don't happen to be a parrot, I always thought you were a nice bird but now I see you are not and I am going to sell you.

Well the parrot was really rather glad to find that she wasn't going to drown it, but it didn't quite like the idea of being sold to somebody else so it said oh I shouldn't do that if I were you, and Miss Flock said why not?

And the parrot said well because I could teach history and geography and all those things in your school, and I shouldn't want any money for it, I don't care about money I like nuts.

Well Miss Flock thought that was rather a good idea because she liked saving money, so she arranged with the parrot that it should have its chain taken off and have plenty of nuts, and the parrot promised not to call her a skinny old vulture or anything like that before the girls. And it took several classes in the school and it did it very well because it knew more than anybody else in the school, and if any of the girls didn't behave properly it used to jump off its desk and waddle up to them and peek at their toes.

Well that went on for some time, and Miss Flock got plenty of new girls in her school because people were interested in having them taught by a parrot, and they said it was very wonderful.

Well at the end of the term they had a prize-giving and plenty of people came



The Parrot. "WHO KISSED THE POSTMAN THIS MORNING?"

in to clear away put the parrot in his cage Mary and put a tablecloth over it.

But the parrot screamed at her and it said if you do that I shall bite your finger to the bone, who kissed the postman this morning?

Well the maid had kissed the postman that morning but it was quite proper because she was engaged to him, but she didn't want Miss Flock to know about it yet, and Miss Flock was very shocked and she said what is this Mary, girls go out of the room and get ready for lessons.

And the parrot screamed out yes you go and get ready for lessons, I haven't had any lessons but I know more than any of you, and I know more than you Flock you skinny old vulture, take this chain off my leg.



CONSCIOUSLY MUSICIAN KEEPS NEUTRALITY WAITING TILL HE'S FINISHED THE TUNE.

to it because of the parrot, but by that time the parrot had got rather tired of teaching in the school and it said to itself I really don't see why I should take all this trouble for a few filberts, and I don't see much good in knowing more than anybody else, but I'll just wait and see what happens at the prize-giving.

Well the prizes were given away by the uncle of one of the girls who would have been made a member of parliament if the other gentleman hadn't won, and he made a very good speech to the girls, and he said he wished he was a girl himself so as to be taught by Miss Flock, because if she could teach a parrot to be so clever no wonder she could teach girls.

And everybody clapped and then they called out for the parrot to make a speech.

And the parrot imitated them clapping and calling out, and when they laughed at that it imitated them laughing and made it sound very rude, and it ended up with crowing like a cock and saying pretty Polly scratch a poll and scratching at itself for floss.

Well Miss Flock grew quite red and

she said Polly behave yourself, and the parrot said hold your tongue Flock, your toes are coming through both your stockings and you're too lazy to darn them. And it said to the gentleman who had given away the prizes I wish you'd keep your fleas to yourself you oily old penguin, and started scratching at itself again.

So that was the end of the parrot teaching at the school and Miss Flock had to sell it, and when it went away it said something so rude to her that it wouldn't do to write it down. And when it went to its new place it didn't talk much more than an ordinary parrot, but it remembered a few rude things to say when it wanted some more nuts.

A. M.

"To taste these delicious Russian Lampreys is to sympathise with King John. 2s. 6d. a tin."—*Add. to Daily Paper.*

Yes, poor Joss. His great-grandfather perished of a surfeit of this delicacy.

"For entertainment a young girl performed the famous 'dances du ventrue,' which won much applause from admirers of this form of terpsichorean art."—*Provincial Paper.*

But rather risky, don't you think, my dear?

AUTUMN'S SPLENDOURS.

"Don't miss the autumn's splendours,"

In tube and train we're told;

Out, walkers and week-enders,

Campaigners of both genders,

To wood and weald and wolds,

Where leaves are lavish spenders

And prodigal of gold.

But toes that toast on fenders

Are not to be cajoled;

Home-keepers and hearth-tenders

Will make no more surrenders

To wet and mud and cold;

Nor can dead leaves be mendors

Of hopes that summer sold.

Our Delicate Advertisers.

"Kissers Noted. For Sale.—The lordly Fox-Terror Girdle of high degree, seven weeks old. Rs. 33 each."—*Clepton Paper.*

"Burglars who climbed to a room from tombstones in an adjoining churchyard and broke into a music shop in Guildford High Street, cut a large hole in the safe and got away with £20. The money represented the takings at a concert at Guildford on Saturday afternoon."—*Brecon Paper.*

This seems to us rather a gloomy little tale,



MANNERS AND MODES IN U.S.A.

THE LIGHTS OF BROADWAY.

(By Mr. Punch's Representative on the spot).

THE SISTER.

UNLIKE each other
As kids can be,
Though he's my brother,
Are James and me;
And they don't know whether
That's why we two
Got on together
As well as we do.

For I love roses
And woods and stars,
But I hate noses
Of motor-cars;
We both love candy
And we both love buns,
But I'm not very handy
With howitzer guns.

And I like dreaming
By the nursery fire
And to see things gleaming
That I desire;
But he likes morning,
And he rides a bike,

And he's fearfully scolding
Of the things I like.

And he runs much faster,
And his knees are brown,
And he doesn't want plaster
When he tumbles down;
And he knows about flying
And why they stall,
And he never starts crying
At nothing at all.

But I'm the inventor
Of 'majnastive games
Which nobody can enter
But only James;
They are frightfully clever,
And they don't seem true
To anyone whatever
Except we two.

"As she stopped above, her face lit up with a smile and walked to her hotel."

It is hard on these occasions not to lose one's head.

Daily Paper.

A SOUND REFORM.

THE decision of the Government to appoint a Minister of Biography (with portfolio) will secure the unqualified approval of sane authors and respectable publishers alike. Subscribers to circulating libraries and readers in general will also regard the new Ministry as a blessing and a boon.

The case of Mr. A. J. Budkins, of Islington, who recently died of apoplexy on discovering that QUEEN VICTORIA was not considered beautiful, or even tall, by certain eminent statesmen in the early part of her reign, will be fresh in the public mind; and a similar catastrophe has now befallen an old gentleman in Lancashire, who, on meeting suddenly, after a large and varied sojourn which included lobster, the sentence, "DIBARKED" whispered in the ear of the aged and astute Mr. BARNT, as he helped him into his overcoat. After all, Mr. BARNT, we both know very well what brings



IN THE MOVEMENT; OR, THE NEW DENTALITY.

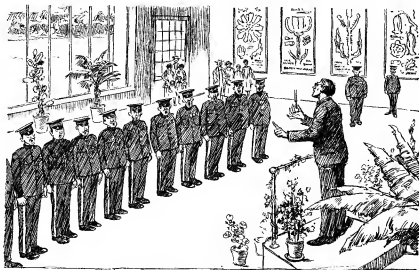
SOVIET WOLF. "WHAT'S THE IDEA?"

BRITISH LION. "OH, ALL THE BEST PEOPLE ARE THINKING OF HAVING SOME OF THEIR TEETH DRAWN."

SOVIET WOLF. "THEN I'M WITH YOU." (*Aside*) "IT MIGHT GET ME BACK INTO SOCIETY."

(The Russian Soviet is proposing to take part in the next Disarmament Conference.)





UNKNOWN SIGHTS OF LONDON.

CONSTABLES OF NEW GARDENS RECEIVING MUSICAL INSTRUCTION IN ORDER TO IMPROVE THEIR RENDERING OF THE "ALL OUT" CRY.

you and me here: ambition,"—passed into a coma, from which he has not yet, alas! emerged.

Nor has the large angry crowd which, some years ago, broke the windows of a bookseller's shop in Eastbourne with its umbrellas, after perusing Mr. LYTTON STRACHAN'S *Eminent Victorians*, ceased to testify in retrospect the less excitable members of one of our most beautiful seaside resorts.

It is contrary to public policy that the idols of popular esteem should be constantly shattered without supervision or direction from the Government of the day. Nor is the suppression, or even the burning on November bonfires, of indiscreet memoirs a sufficient remedy.

Few publishers are likely to refrain from biography when they perceive a hitherto unexploited gold-mine in the corpse of an eminent person lately dead, and a mass of letters still remains unthumbed which, in the stately words of TEXASRAO, may easily prove

habits of drinking tea out of his saucer with a loud sucking noise.

The intention of the Government, we understand, is to divide the lives of all eminent persons, living and dead, into three classes, numbered in accordance with their desirability from the publishing point of view, and designated as under—

1. Available for Calumny.
2. " " Faint Praise.
3. " " Butter Only.

No life will be released from the third classification into the second, or from the second into the first, without the direct permission of the Minister of Biography. But, in order to obviate political bias, an independent tribunal, representing every variety of party, notion of morals and sectarian belief, will in the first instance consider and report upon the application for release.

Relatives of the deceased will be called in evidence. But the testimony of butlers, chauffeurs, lady's-maids, domestic servants and gardeners, unless still retained by the family, will be barred.

It may be pointed out that the suppression of scandalous details with regard to living persons in divorce cases and other actions before the Courts has already begun to whet the appetite of

the earnest reader for curious anecdotes regarding the dead, and the manufacture of biographies threatens to become as important a national industry as that of soap, chocolates and pills. As great a need surely exists that the health of the commonweal should be preserved from danger in the former case as in the latter.

American biographies, or those translated from the German or French, will be scrutinised with special care, the French in particular being guilty of a deplorable levity in their treatment of Victorian idealism, which they seem to consider, in the words of a modern *littérateur*, all guff.

Time, however, the great healer, lessens the shock of disillusionment, and it is felt that not much harm will be done if lives are permitted to pass by decent gradations from category to category, teaching the great lesson which a poet has enshrined in the memorable quatrain:—

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
Leaving in our desks behind us
Not much evidence of crime.

May we suggest in connection with the new Ministry that a post might be found *this time* for one of the more responsible amongst our younger men?

EVOS

* "Not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean."

It was indeed only with the greatest difficulty that a young biographer was restrained the other day from publishing a letter which showed that one of our stateliest national figures was in the

SAN GUIDO.

ALL went well on the memorable evening, and certainly the Little Boy enjoyed himself hugely.

The Catherine-wheels whizzed gloriously, and by the exercise of astonishing dexterity his father once got three of them going simultaneously on one match. True he burnt his fingers smartly in the process, but he thrust them so hurriedly in his mouth that his explosive exclamation, "Oh, dabbit!" sounded as harmless as the most scintillating mother of a Little Boy could desire.

The crackers were satisfactorily noisy, the squibs spluttered nobly, the Roman candles were indubitably the finest ever manufactured, while the volcanoes and coloured-fires transformed the little garden into a very fairy-land of enchantment. As Master of Ceremonies Daddy surpassed himself, and when a cracker, jumping into the turn-up of his right trouser-leg, burnt a large hole he behaved as if the occurrence were a great joke. As for the Little Boy, he laughed till tears of pure happiness trickled down his chubby face.

In the intervals the Little Boy struck a whole box of Bengal-lights unaided, and with such assurance that his mother sighed, picturing him already on the threshold of manhood—which is the funny thought that sometimes overwhelms these ridiculous mothers of Little Boys of four.

Finally the climax of the sublime evening arrived, and the Little Boy, striking yet another match, gingerly ignited the bonfire. The flames leaped and crackled and the sparks shot out magnificently. The three watchers regarded it almost reverently. Suddenly and much too soon the guy toppled and fell forward from its perch. With thrilling heroism Daddy snatched it from the flames and replaced it on the top of the pile, sustaining a singed eyebrow and two scorched fingers in the act. In that moment did the Little Boy stand exultant on the topmost peak of the Mountains of Bliss.

Later, when the ashes of the bonfire were cold and the Little Boy was in bed and presumed to be asleep, his parents heard a small voice calling "Mummy! Mummy!"

"Good Lord! Still awake?" exclaimed his father.

"A chill. I knew he would," shrieked

his mother, and flew upstairs. "What is it, my darling?"

"Mummy," said a sleepy voice, "who was the best man that ever lived?"

"My dear," protested Mummy, intensely relieved. "What a difficult question to ask at this time of night!"

"But, Mummy, who was?" persisted the sleepy voice.

Mummy reflected.

"Well, after this evening, I really think we might say Daddy, don't you?"

"No," replied the Little Boy decidedly. "Not Daddy. I think it was GUY FAWKES."



JOSEPH'S COAT (SECOND-HAND).

[Sir ALFRED MOND has declared himself in favour of regarding the British Empire as an economic unit, much on the lines of Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S Imperial Zeppelin proposals of 1905.]

MUSICAL CRITICISM À LA MODE.

A NEAR-EASTERN CONCERT.

THE Anglo-Kleptio Music Society gave its first concert last Friday at the Pallikar Hall, in Greek Street, Soho. We have become familiar of late with the work of modern Thessalian ballad-writers, but the names of Papadimitriou (1870-1894) and Panagioti Papoutsaki (1812-1837) are practically unknown to London amateurs. They were represented by several short instrumental pieces for a quartet of shepherd's pipes, ranging in compass from the piccolo to the bassoon, which, though somewhat disconcerting in their

atony, were not without a certain endearing charm. M. Epaminondas Hyspilanti, whose a number of hallads in the familiar trochaic tetrameter catalectic metre, has intelligence, but needs more nasal resonance in his middle registers, where the voice is a little woolly; and his intonation is at times defective. Otherwise the excellence of his intentions redeemed, in part at least, his failure in achievement.

MR. ORLO OSTOCK.

In one respect at least Mr. Orlo Ostock, who gave a recital at the Podolian Hall on Thursday, is unique among modern pianists in his successful exploitation of the extreme sonorities of the keyboard. The tone that he extracts from the highest notes in the treble alternately suggests the squeak of a hat and the most devastating shrieks of a delicious super-piccio. These gifts enabled him to impart wholly new and unexpected significance to the compositions of standard composers. He played a pastorella by SCARLATTI so that it sounded like GERSHWIN; a nocturne by CHOPIN in his hands acquired a stercoraceous *rubato* suggestive of a wilderness of saxophones. In short, Mr. Ostock is a demon, I had almost said a pandemic player. He may not always inspire approval of his methods, but he cannot be ignored. He lends colour and excitement to the musical atmosphere as a petrol-pump to the drab landscape of a village.

MADAME LOBET LACHOVITCH.

The Bessarabian lady who made her debut at the Slavonian Hall last Saturday is a distinctly promising if somewhat elusive singer. Her voice is not of the rich "plummy" contralto

quality, but it is fairly full, and reminds us at different times of a bass clarinet, a mirliton and a Klaxon motor-horn. This variety is not without its merits, but we cannot help feeling that it conduces to that elusiveness already hinted at. And yet she has solid qualities on which she can draw at times with excellent effect. In a song by BONONIS, "The Ploughman of the Steppes," she attained a fine plaintive breadth of phrase. Notable also was the remarkable variety of facial expression which she has at her disposal. One could hardly believe that it was the same person who sang the Papuan Love-Song, the Siberian Serenade and Bobolinsky's "Ode to the Anopheles Mosquito."



PRIDE OF RACE.

Scotsman (watching Continental Troupe of Acrobats). "LOBE, MARGIE, I NEVER SAW THE LIKE O' 'T IN A' MA LIFE."
 His Wife. "JOCK, A 'M THIRKIN' THEY MUN BE BOOTS."

THE EMERGENCY POUND.

WHEN we acquired our "forty horse-power" Cliché, second-hand and rather ratty, I made up my mind that we must be ready for emergencies, and accordingly I put in a side-pocket of the car a one-pound treasury note. I told my wife what I had done and added, "Remember, Audrie, the pound must always be in the car."

"What's the pound for?" Audrie wanted to know.

"It is intended to get us home in the event of a breakdown," I replied. "It may prove to be a very pleasant help in time of trouble."

"If we were a long way from home it mightn't be nearly enough. Hadn't you better make it two pounds?" Audrie said.

"I'm sorry, but one pound is all I can afford at the moment. Heaven knows the Cliché has cost me quite enough as it is."

"How can the pound always be in the car?" Audrie wondered. "If its time comes and it's taken out, why then it's gone, isn't it?"

I was patient with her.

"At the earliest possible moment another pound must be substituted. Obviously, if a reserve fund is to be of any use we must have it as it were constantly on tap."

"I don't like the idea of carrying all that money about loose."

"It isn't all that money," I returned. "It's just a pound. And it isn't loose. It's quite tight—as English money nowadays nearly always is, my dear."

"Well, don't blame me if it disappears," was Audrie's unsatisfactory reply, my pretty humour having escaped her.

Days slipped by and we had plenty of opportunity to test the Cliché. What a car! The gears were ghastly; the forty horse-power rating was a myth; the nippy acceleration so necessary to manoeuvres in close traffic was non-existent, and radical big-end trouble set in before the completion of our first five hundred miles. A day out with the Cliché was a day out with the Cliché, and very often a night out as well.

For the periodical heavy liabilities thus incurred, which the reserve was

inadequate to meet, recourse was had to the greater elasticity of my cheque-book, and as a result of this practice a few weeks found us with an overdraft, but with the emergency pound still intact. I refused to breach it.

"Though our motoring misfortunes have so far been on a large scale," I said to my wife, "I still cling to the idea that we may at any time sustain trouble of a cheapish kind for which the pound can be utilised, so do not, Audrie, touch the pound."

Audrie at this made such a significant face at me that I suspected her of having already touched the pound, and that evening, choosing a moment when I thought she was busy, I crept into our bijou garage, stumbled over the car and

of the Cliché, and naturally the pound went with it. I had neglected to lock up the bijou garage after my inspection, and the Cliché had been a gift for somebody, except that I wondered how on earth he had managed to start up the engine, a feat that I could practically never do myself. The whole affair was most startling, and Audrie was quite upset.

"I heard a car in the night," she kept saying, wild-eyed and excitable, "you know how one does, and it was ours all the time. Oh, Herbert, what shall we do? We aren't insured. Isn't it maddening?"

"Keep calm," I answered, "and leave things to me."

I went and saw the police. The police

were affable and interested, but beyond assuring me that the theft was almost certainly the work of Snide Ike, the renowned car-snatcher—suspected, from information received, of being in the neighbourhood—they professed themselves, for the moment only, baffled. Should anything of importance "transpire" I would be duly notified.

The following morning, as it happened, something of the greatest importance did "transpire" and I was notified of it by Audrie. I came down to breakfast, to be greeted by my wife rushing in and shrieking—

"It's back, it's back! It's in the garage. Come and look. Quickly!"

I went and stared. There once more in the garage stood the Cliché, looking mouldier than ever. My first thought was, however, for the pound, and hurriedly I plunged my hand into the side-pocket in search of it.

Alas, I found not the pound but a small piece of paper, which I took out and unfolded. What was this?

"Is it the note?" cried my wife excitedly.

"It is a note," I replied, "but unfortunately not a treasury note."

"Oh, don't be funny," implored Audrie, dancing with impatience and irritation. "What does it say?"

This was what the note said—an illiterate document and, as it seemed to me, in execrable taste:—

"Dere air I thank you for the pun note I can get some change out of that yours truly Snide Ike."



EARLY PRACTICE; OR, PLAYING AT PEDESTRIANS.

felt for the pound. There it was. While I was identifying it by the light of an electric torch a slight noise caused me to realise that my wife had come into the garage after me.

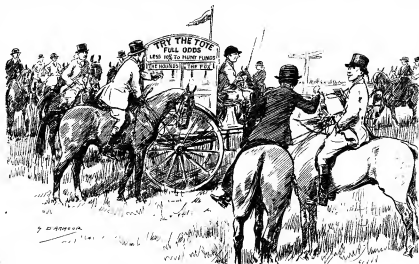
"Caught you!" she exclaimed. "I saw you sneaking in here very mysteriously and furtively when you thought I wasn't looking. So that's what you're after, is it? Oh, Herbert!"

It was awkward that Audrie should have arrived just at that moment, and I had difficulty in persuading her that I had come to inspect the pound and not to steal it.

"Don't protest so much if you're innocent," she said coldly. "Put it back and come to bed."

I obeyed, with an uneasy feeling that I should be for some time under suspicion.

It was during that night that a most extraordinary event occurred, to wit a burglary, resulting in the abstraction



BRIGHTER HUNTING.

SAY, "THERE OUGHT TO BE A GOOD SCENT TO-DAY. I'M GOING TO BACK THE HOUND."

HE, "EVERYBODY'S DOING THAT. YOU'LL ONLY GET ABOUT TEN TO ONE ON. I'M HAVING MY LITTLE FLUTTER ON THE FOX."

LAUS ASINORUM.

SCOTT'S little finger is mightier than the thigh of any ass among us, men and women who are writing novels to-day. He may have been primitive in technique as compared with some moderns, just as Beethoven may have been primitive beside certain modern writers of music, but I have only heard one ass in my life hold Beethoven less than the living. He was an actor!—Mr. EDWIN CRILLINGTON.

Joining those who never fail or falter In their fealty to good Sir WALTER, HORN PURLOTT, further illustrating Fashionable modes of hero-hunting, Says he knew one asinine detractor Of BERTHOVEN, and he was an actor.

Actors, as we see, in many quarters Have no lack of strenuous supporters, Both among the classes and the masses; Why drag in the blameless race of asses, In pursuance of the old convention Which denies them honorable mention, Singling them from out the brute creation

As a butt for special denigration? For the ass, considered justly, sanely, Though his voice is harsh, his gait ungainly,

Wins from those endowed with clearer vision

Admiration rather than derision.

Little donkeys are delightful creatures, Most engaging in their ways and features.

When mature, though somewhat less alluring,

They are patient, faithful, much-enduring;

Frugal feeders, working for no salary,

Never playing to the pit or gallery,

Carrying countless children on their backs

(Ere the sands were turned to motor-tracks),

Kicking up their heels, yet who so steady

Or so safe a mount for youth as "Neddy"?

Yet ungrateful man, their cruel master, Favouring animals that travel faster—

Spite of LONSDALE, who benignly fosters Their association with the coasters—

Talks of "silly asses" and imputes Nobler qualities to fiercer brutes.

Poets, men of letters, seers and sages Have malign'd them sadly through the ages;

And I mind me only of two others, Since ST. FRANCIS, hailing them as brothers:

CORCORAN, who in quaint and homely fashion

Spoke of them with pity and compassion;

* "Poor little fool of a deep-eyed race." To a Young Ass.

Mrs. BROWNISH, eager to remind us— Lest our pride and selfishness should blind us—

When the prophet, rightfully impeded, Beat his ass, an angel interceded!

† *Aurora Leigh*—Book VIII.

Our Hardy Pioneers.

"In selecting the car for the job I decided that pedicure must be given to one built to meet colonial requirements. Bearing in mind the nature of the roads to be travelled on, I considered a ground-clearance of at least 22 inches, and more if possible, to be absolutely necessary."—*Weekly Paper*.

From a leaflet describing a golf-course in Switzerland:—

"Annual Subscription to be taken from Secretary, other Subscriptions from the Professional. Except on Sundays, when they should be taken from the Resistant."

And how does one get the monthly medal? By bludgeoning the caddies?

"Retired Colonel, seen lots of Fie, full of stories, willing to visit Invalids and Elderly People of either sex and entertain them with quips and merry jests for moderate remuneration."—*Addet. in Morning Paper*.

We too have an elderly friend in the same line of business whose fee is only sixpence weekly.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE GIRL FROM COOK'S" (GALEITY).

THE stage is a great educator. I thought I knew my Monte Carlo, where this musical comedy is set, but I found I had a lot to learn. The atmosphere of the Casino had always impressed me with its resemblance to that of a cathedral; if anyone (except the ministrant officials) spoke above a subdued and reverential whisper he seemed to me to attract adverse attention. I now learn that at the roulette-table everybody is free to discuss his luck at the top of his voice without being made the object of remark.

There was something strange too about the scenery of Monte Carlo. Westward I failed to recognise the sheer rock of Monaco; eastward I missed Cap Martin, and could not trace Roquebrune, clinging to the mountain-side, though it may have been there but outside the scope of my oblique vision, seated as I was in an outlying stall known as K.1.

Again, The Girl from Cook's (Miss EVA STERNHOV) was an unfamiliar figure. I cannot remember to have encountered any very strong female element among those who have attended to my needs in a Cook's office, whether at Paris (as here) or elsewhere; certainly no lady who was followed about all over the premises by a platoon of male serenaders. Indeed she was a most original girl. I admit that there may have been something normal in her passionate desire to visit some of those exotic scenes which it was her business to recommend to clients; but it must be unusual for a girl at Cook's to spend a good part of her working-time in the composition of a story designed to secure a prize that should furnish the means of foreign travel. Even she herself was surprised (and pained) when she discovered, not till after she had squandered the proceeds at Monte Carlo, that the competition was faked by an admirer who had himself found the money for her jaunt.

However, this main theme (as indicated by the title, which, in deference to tradition, had to have a "girl" from somewhere in it) did not provide the main interest, which centred in the activities of a certain *Alfonzo Alonzo Higgins*, Consul (at Paris) of Perocova, one of the less-known republics of South America. This gentleman (Mr. W. H. BERRY) supplied the pecuniary *President of Perocova* (Mr. EDMUND GWEN) with accommodation for the indulgence of his rather florid tastes, and in return was made successively Consul-General, Head of the Army and Head of the Fleet. Those honorific

offices naturally entailed the wearing of some degrading uniforms and decorations, to all of which Mr. BERRY did more than justice.



A DARK HORSE AND HIS OWNERS.
The Secretary of the President of Perocova.
MR. ERNEST THERSIGER.
The President . . . MR. EDMUND GWEN.

But it was not quite so simple as all that. There were complications arising out of the President's wish to secure

an opulent bride, either *Maria* (Miss MARGARET CAMPBELL), daughter of *Alfonzo Higgins* and privily affianced to an anglicised French Baron (Mr. BILLY LEONARD), or, alternatively, *Stella*, The Girl from Cook's, widely reputed to be a millionaire on the strength of her lavish methods at Monte Carlo, and attached to another anglicised French Baron (Mr. ALKO FRASER). In the end the couples were sorted out to the satisfaction of an audience not too difficult to please.

There was little doing at first. We had to content ourselves with the information, not very fresh to those who frequent Monte Carlo, that "Life is a game of chance," or else that "Missing an opportunity is worse than missing a train." But with the advent of Mr. BERRY things began to get a move on. To him fell the bulk ("bulk," I think, is the word) of the fun; broad, without licence, and embellished, in default of subtlety, with a generous allowance of facial buffoonery.

MR. EDMUND GWEN, as the *President of Perocova*, though his energy and ferocity were inexhaustible, had comparatively little chance of being as funny as he can; and, as his *Secretary*, Mr. ERNEST THERSIGER, barely recognisable in an incredibly black wig and pair of eyebrows, had practically no chance at all. Mr. BILLY LEONARD, as one of the anglicised French Barons, had more opportunity but didn't always look as if he knew what to do with it.

Miss EVA STERNHOV, in the title part, was perhaps a little too mild and gentle for her boisterous environment. Her voice has more quality than quantity. Indeed the notes of Mr. ALKO FRASER (the other French Baron) were the only ones that penetrated with any volume to the obscure locality of K.1.

The lyrics (by Mr. GREATBREE NEWMAN?) were above the average in their kind. I got a little tired of one of them, "You tell him"; but there was a trio, "You'll never get what you want unless you go after it," that went very well; and so did "Glorious Land of Hope," a topical song (given by Mr. BERRY) with a passage profanely interpolated from ELIAN's "Land of Hope and Glory."

The ladies of the Chorus (I can never bring myself to speak calmly of the males in this sort of *menage*) were shapely and well-drilled; and apparently they were having a much gladder time than I. The best individual performances were the "Speciality Dance" and the "Dancing Speciality" (if you know the difference) of "HOLLAND and BARRY" (sic). I don't know why they had no Christian names to show which was the woman and which was the man; but they both danced with a really ex-



THE MONTE CARLO MASQUERADERS.
Alfonzo Higgins (as *Admiral of the Perocova Fleet*). . . MR. W. H. BERRY.
Baron *Anatole Leonard* (as his *Chancellor*). . . MR. BILLY LEONARD.

traordinary blend of grace and acrobacy. There was also good entertainment, for those who like that kind of thing, in the negroid grotesqueries of the "Boeotrie Dances Speciality" given by "Lam and Moons"—no Christian names again. Altogether the audience (how changed from those old Gaiety days, and how much more mature in age, if not in intelligence!) seemed to get just what they expected. So that's all right.

O. S.

"HIT THE DECK" (HIPPODROME).

There is in *Hit the Deck* more coherence, which does not much matter, and more genuine humour, which does, than in the general run of musical comedies. Moss' Empires Ltd. bring us this pepul extravaganza from New York by arrangement with FIELDS and YOUNG INC. Mr. FIELDS has made the book (out of a play by HUBERT OSBORNE), and Mr. YOUNG the spirited tuneful music; Messrs. WESTON and LEE have anglicised the business with more thoroughness than is usual, though perhaps the discipline on board *H.M.S. Inscrutable* still remains a little too informal.

Charming *Looleo* Martin, daughter of a sailor, keeps a very magnificent hotel by the Plymouth Docks and has fixed her resolute affections on a certain A.B., *Bill Smith*. *Bill* is the most reluctant lover in the annals of the sea, or perhaps, as is tactfully indicated, is of too polyanthous a disposition to surrender to the charms of any one honest maiden. And anyway *Looleo* is too well off. If and when he marries he wants to be the provider and the host. He accepts *Looleo*'s well-cooked supper and her innocent eager kiss in the most casual manner and disappears on a long cruise; is discovered again by the elaborate device of a dance given by *Looleo* on the *Inscrutable*, with the Captain's gracious and unlikely permission, to all the Smiths of the Navy in port; is pursued to China, where bandits are being troublesome and Naval detachments are protecting British interests—excellent if transparent devices for the provision of a varied scene—and is at last puffed and landed by the patient *Looleo* on the steps of the magnificent coffee-house against a highly idealised background of Plymouth quayside cottages.

Miss IVY TRESMAN makes a very attractive *Looleo*. Her voice, if not quite big enough, is true and sweet. It would be difficult to better her acting, whether in gay or tender or disconsolate mood.



"LUCKY BIRD."

Magnolia . . . Miss ALICE MORLEY.

and her dancing is spirited and daintily accomplished. The part of *Bill Smith* is developed with much more consistency and detailed characterisation than this business of musical comedy generally allows, and was excellently played by Mr. STANLEY HOLLOWAY, whose

agreeable baritone did full justice to Mr. YOUNG'S melodies. The two duets between the lovers, "I'm Always Happy With You" and "Fancy Me Meeting You," will unquestionably become a nuisance to the town.

Miss ALICE MORLEY (*Magnolia*, *Looleo*'s coloured servant) is an accomplished comedienne and dancer. Her duet with the parrot (a chatty bird, which, if a little casual in the matter of its cues and a little disdainful of the audience, did its work very well) was particularly successful. I doubt if the cleverness and magnetic force of her Hallelujah Chorus and the irresistible swinging rhythm of the melody itself will disarm our suspicion that this is an unsuitable and regrettable business. The comic "spiritual" is surely only tolerable when its humour is unsophisticated. As it stands it will be an offence to many.

I liked the broad nonsense of Mr. SIDNEY HOWARD'S *Battling Smith* and Mr. DICK FRANCIS'S subtler but equally diverting *Mat Barlow*. Mr. BILLY RENO endured the frequent buffeting of his two friends with admirable fortitude. An excellent comic trio. In a step-dance Messrs. RENE DAVES and GEORGE PIERCE carry the art of hitting the deck to a point of accomplishment that is frankly incredible.

The chorus of sailors, admirably drilled and looking much less unlikely than the usual chorus of men in gents' summer suits—indeed making a very agreeable, plausible and smart body—deserve all praise. The chorus of ladies in the Chinese scene showed no notable trace of Orientalism, but sang with tuneful vigour and swayed with spirit in the compelling but too often repeated rhythm of the aforementioned "spiritual."

A lively likeable show, mounted with a lavish realism which has no art nonsense about it. T.

"THE RED UMBRELLA" (LITTLE).

The authors of *The Red Umbrella*, BRENDA CHYRN and MONICA COHEN, have invented a pleasant enough figure of fantasy—a young girl, *Whisper Drey*, so desperately frightened of real people (always excepting her old nurse, *Martha*) that she retires into a world of her own imagining, and holds protracted and fantastic conversations with a Miss Sweetapple and a Mr. John Junket, whom she has in-



AN UNDEVELOPED LOVER.

Looleo Miss IVY TRESMAN.
Bill Smith Mr. STANLEY HOLLOWAY.

identally married. When real folk from the crude outer world force themselves, as they do in surprising numbers, into her remote cottage, she flies to her bedroom or, if fairly cornered, hides behind a golfing umbrella.

But it is not sufficient to invent such a kingdom of fantasy. It is necessary to contrive by subtle preparation and the most delicate handling some means whereby we of the audience may enter it and accept its conditions and illusions, at least for the moment, as plausible on the chosen plane.

It seemed to me that the authors entirely failed to work the necessary magic. The extreme crudity of the background, the rather doubtful nature of most of the humour, and, I think one must in justice add, the unconvincing production, made any such magic impossible. *Mrs Whitney*, unless we take her to have been intended for a child of, say, fifteen (by stage reckoning), which, seeing that she was ardently wooed by a middle-aged doctor, is not likely, seemed not so much fey as half-witted.

Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON, disdaining cheap effects of mushy sentimentality, is in danger of making no effects at all. It will be a considerable disservice to her if managers persist in casting her for parts where she can readily exploit her interesting mawk, coiffure and charmingly amiable smile. I feel sure that a bout of *revue* or *Elephantine melodrama*, in which she could really let herself go, would be a sound discipline for her. She will become prematurely muscle-bound. Of course she can count on a certain following of simple souls who have that "Do it again" attitude of mind incident to healthy children. Exacting grown-ups will become impatient.

Miss MARY FORBES, old nurse—a part which, being detached from the crude plot and movement and humour of the whole, could be judged on its own merits—was a charming piece of work. Mr. CHARLES CARSON, skilful and tactful actor, seemed to me to be struggling for plausibility in vain.

It is an exacting natural law of the serious theatre that a play is as sound as its weakest part. When the weak moments are as frequent as in this little play the rest of it that matters, the charming isolated little strokes of fantasy and characterisation, stand no chance at all. And whatever indictment may be brought against our London stage by stern critics there is, at the worst, a certain standard of accomplishment and technical proficiency. This production falls very definitely below it. T.

EVERY HOME A ZOO.

THE General Purposes Committee of the London County Council has done a great public service in making known, through its report on the proposed establishment of a Zoological Garden at the Crystal Palace, how really inexpensive are even first class examples of exotic fauna.

It comes as a revelation that one can pick up a pair of flamingoes for from eight to ten pounds. This brings the possession of wild creatures within the possibility of some of the humblest homes. There is no reason why the average suburban house should not have its pair of flamingoes basking on the front doorstep in the warmth of our winter days, and finding a sheltered sphere of usefulness in danking the piano in the drawing-room during the summer months.

There are pelicans also of all grades, ranging from two pounds to twenty pounds per pair. One must exercise a little discretion in buying pelicans for the home. It might prove a false economy to buy the cheaper kinds, which are apt to be somewhat fierce about feeding-time and could not safely be left with young children. But for twelve pounds you can secure a very reliable pair of pelicans, fully guaranteed to give every satisfaction; for the cry of the pelican is even more penetrating than the yelp of a house-dog, and the pelican's feathers make admirable pipe-cleaners. Its pouch, moreover, can be put to a variety of uses in the modern small-roomed flat.

There is this to be said for a pair, that there is always a good chance of one remaining should the other disappear. A single specimen does not possess this advantage, but in other ways it may well be preferred. Take the camel. This costs from fifty to eighty pounds. It makes an ideal three-seater, one on each hump and one between, or, alternatively, one on the hump, a second in front, and a third behind, according to whether the camel has one hump or two. Thus for considerably less money than the cost of the new Ford you can obtain a mode of progress, stately and striking, with a much smaller petrol consumption.

While a young lion may cost as much as one hundred pounds, one can be bought for twenty pounds. No good purpose is served, indeed, by paying a high price for a young lion for household use. Quite a cheap one would be fully sufficient for the small home. Why a tiger should cost a minimum of one hundred pounds is difficult to understand. Our advice to the cautious buyer would be to wait until the market

for this animal becomes easier. We would rather recommend an elephant, even though its price is as high as five to eight hundred pounds. Many a man spends far more on a motor-car who would find an elephant much less troublesome.

RHYMES OF AUGUST INSTITUTIONS.

THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE proud distinguished B.M.A.
Exerts a wide unchallenged sway,
And guards from hint of blot or slur
The pages of the Register.
From Harley Street's expensive zone
To regions of a humbler tone
Where mild benevolent G.P.'s
Shyly collect their modest fees
Its name is held in gravest awe
And every word it speaks is law.

Attentive to the public weal
It works with unremitting zeal
To keep the nation well assured
That no one will be wrongly cured
By any sort of means that shocks
Its notions of the orthodox.
And, though its mind is largely set
On subtle points of etiquette,
The simple and untutored laity
May go their ways with care-free
gaiety.

Aware that they may well extract
Much comfort from this very fact;
For every youthful medico
Is rigorously trained to know
That strict deportment saves more
Evas.

Than stethoscopes or surgeons' knives,
And germs of every known variety
Detest professional propriety.

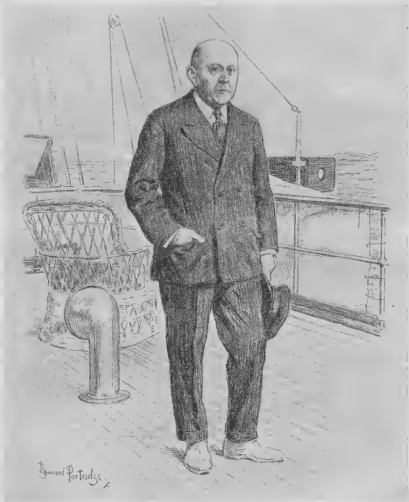
In solemn convocate year by year
Its members meet from far and
near.

With learned and portentous mien
They talk of national hygiene,
Milling our souls with sore disquiet
By exalting doubts upon our diet,
Chilling our blood until it freezes
With dreadful tales of new diseases,
Whose very names, when heard or
read,

Will drive a strong man to his bed.
But when at length the speeches end
They feel the impulse to unbind,
These grave severe frock-coated men
Reveal their jovial natures then;
They slap each other on the back
And oh! the lively jokes they crack
On subjects such as housemaids'-
knees,
Lumbago and appendicis.

And that is all I dare to say
About the august B.M.A.
Lest all unwitting I offend;
I know they'd get me in the end.

G. L. N.

**MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.**

LV.—LORD INCHCAPE.

THOUGH he's a Scot (from near Forfar),
That's merely incidental;
His leanings are Peninsular
And even Oriental.



Lady Downton (who is taking village in her car up to London). "I'M SURE YOU LIKE THIS BETTER THAN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE?" Mr. Miles. "THAT I DON'T! YOU CAN WALK ABOUT AND STAMP THE FEEL IN A RAILWAY WAGON."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

No one reveals England more benevolently to herself than M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS. His attitude towards us is that of *Christopher Robin* towards a lovable and ridiculous *Winnie-the-Pooh*. "A Bear of No Brain at All? Nonsense! The Best Bear in All the World!" says Christopher Maurois. And, heavens! how pleased we are. Of course he knows us better than we know ourselves; in fact our immunity from successful introspection is obviously one of our charms for him. And never has he displayed the knowledge and emphasized the charm more happily than in his *Disraeli* (LANS). The fact that this "picture of the Victorian Age" has DIZZY for its hero is not so important as it would seem. The enigmatic Jew is almost as much an enigma at the end as at the beginning. Yet, thanks mainly to his sense of *ces précieux petits détails qui réaniment l'histoire*, M. MAUROIS has compelled that great and eccentric figure to convey every quality conveyable by pose and gesture. He has done more for some of his circle, either because he appreciates the *boulevard* in them, as in the case of PERL and BINTINE, or because his spirit leaps to meet their consummate humanity, as with DIZZY's MARY ANNE. And he has undoubtedly read the riddle of England, the England whose greatness is derived "not from its natural resources, which are mediocre, but from its institutions." He has even distinguished "the subtle poetry of a British Budget!" Personally I think he is right in attributing the impotence of DISRAELI's policy to the fact that it is aristocratic, whereas the temper of England is essentially middle-class. But, whether you quarrel or concur, you will

find his book delightful; and its English translation, by Mr. HAMISH MILES, stands the test of reading aloud.

The disadvantages of working on a time-honoured literary formula, instead of inventing a new one, are precisely those of adapting an old house to your requirements instead of buying a site and building. You take over so many amenities ready-made, and as a set-off you are continually divided between the righteous and unrighteous exactions of the house and your own notion of what is fair and fit. Mr. CLIFFORD BAX, in adopting the method and mood of the Italian *novelists*, has handicapped a welcome revival by retaining, quite unnecessarily, the ugliest features of his originals. A sort of *gamin* indecency and a particularly dollish cruelty were undoubtedly in the sixteenth-century air, and the Italian short-story writers were infected by these vices in inverse proportion to their immortal merits. But I cannot feel that these elements are legitimately distillable from our own age, and their omission would unquestionably have rendered *Mary a Green Isle* (HANS-MANN) a pleasanter book and a more coherent work of art. The title suggests the subject of debate in a cosmopolitan house-party where the guests take it in turn to describe their supremest hours of happiness. An elderly woman charmingly depicts a brief release from the squalor of a rash marriage. A non-political D'ARCONZIO almost comically recapitulates his prototype's intense manner of describing marital and extra-marital relationships. A mother recounts the ruse by which she recovers the love of her son, imperilled by the boy's too-flattering image of her divorced husband. This contribution, "The Halcyon," strikes me as the happiest of Mr. BAX's efforts to adapt the new vintage

to the old *fiacchi*. There are eleven of these, all told, and for genial variety and fanciful grace the best are hard to beat.

LORD GREY OF FALLODON says in his new book, "No one can write of the nightingale with intimacy; to attempt to do so would be an impertinence; as it were to say that Homer was one's favourite poet;" and when I come to write of *The Charm of Birds* (HODDER AND STROUT) I find myself approaching it somewhat as though I were Lord GREY and it Philomel. This newcomer however is the third jewel that its author has given to literature and, inasmuch as the subject must necessarily make a more all-round appeal than either *Fly-Fishing* or *Falloodon Papers*, it may well prove to be the work for which he will be best loved; for somehow one doesn't associate mere popularity with Lord GREY's books. *The Charm of Birds* has, he says, no scientific value, and his few "observations" have been made in search of pleasure and not of knowledge. He mentions the months and tells us of them with mastery, naming incidents of the birds appertaining to their songs and habits, their happinesses, family life and recreations; and in so doing conveys to us something of a personality which, when we shut the book, we feel the better for having been with. Were I asked which chapters had most delighted me I think I'd reply January and March—"early song" and "increasing song"; and if the inquiry were then of the pages that I had found most interesting I should name those "on taming birds," taming them in their own woods and wilds; only isn't "taming" an ugly word for the winning (won by mealworms though they be) of charming trusts and friendships? This happy book (and it is beautifully decorated by Mr. ROBERT GIBBING) comes to one, as did the singing-when that flew over the author's fishing cottage on a summer morning, "like a blessing."

The combination of guide-book and story must be by this time a recognised branch of the novelist's art. Mrs. EVERARD CURRIE possessed a cunning hand at this sort of dish: she could season you a tour in the East as well as anyone. Then came the famous firm of WILLIAMSON who specialised in out-of-the-way parts of Europe, and substituted motor transport for railway and steamer. Perhaps, one of these days, we shall have our romance of the air, with famous pilots coming to the assistance of adventurous young ladies who have attempted a flying holiday—but for that the times are hardly yet ripe. In the meanwhile here is Miss SYDIE BYRALL telling us, with a pleasant mingling of humour and sentiment, the story of a sudden holiday in Touraine, undertaken on the spur of the moment by Nina Linton and Mattie Bird. Nina is the moving spirit in the enterprise. It is she who absentmindedly, dreaming of foreign travel, blunders into ordering a thousand cases of truffles (for the firm of *Simson and Pratt*, who employ her



Preoccupied School-Teacher (eagerly noticing a hand raised). "YES, MY BOY?"

romantic spirit in the secretarial department) when she should have ordered ten, thereby hastening her resignation from the firm. She too buys the little two-wheeler which is to carry the pair on their fateful journey, and learns moreover to drive it, and obtains her *permis de conduire* in due course from an old gentleman in a very tight frock-coat who reads as though he had been drawn from life. Also she tells the story, and meets Mr. Castenet, that gallant dispenser of troubles, and goes through the usual hot and cold fits, finishing at last in the good old fashion and in a very creditably-written scene. In fact, it must be admitted that the forgetful Miss Linton gets all the fat, while her companion, wearing spectacles, provides the guide-book information and occasionally a touch of comic relief. *A Fiddle for Eighteen Pence* (HODDER AND STROUT) is a readable specimen of its class and better written than most.

In *Mallorca the Magnificent* (FABER AND GWEYER) NINA LARREY DUNNE tells of that fairy island, girdled round by a belt of pink almond-blossom, between blue mountains and blue sea, where all the houses are palaces and the taxi-

drivers do not count their change; where the sun shines on several days a week, and where cooks and housemaids sing all day long at their work, each with her own singing canary beside her. Here are priceless old silver and tapestries and crimson brocades shut away in wonderful mediaeval apartments, where rich Americans may wander in but are never pressed, or even allowed, to buy; and here—it is no further away than the Mediterranean—stone-channelled rivulets of water trill down balustrades of terraced gardens five centuries old to lawns where fair ladies recline beneath tall trees and talk with shades of the awful things that English and American women do. The writer—or perhaps one should say the discoverer—tells us much about the history of the island, much about its venerable monasteries, Moorish watch-towers, sunny beaches and jewelled caverns, adding just a little about the desirability of improving its hotel accommodation and allowing the information to appear that at least one Malloccan palace is available to be

modernised by any enterprising syndicate for such a purpose. I like the writer least when she is sighing for golf-courses and seems to be a kind of agent-in-advance for the scientific "development" of this marvelous estate, and not too well when she falls from history on to mixed moralisations; but when she simply tells of an ideally beautiful place in straightforward American I forgive her spelling and go with her all the way.

When I saw the lady with the richly gilt permanent wave on the paper jacket of Miss WINGFIELD GRAHAM'S *Fame and Shame* (HUTCHINGS), and when, further, a cursory glance at the story revealed the fact that the lady in question was known as the "Witch of the Bar," I not unreasonably concluded that she had something to do with the dispensing of alcoholic refreshment. Not so, however. *Rae Carter*, the owner of the wave, is a woman, or, as Miss GRAHAM would no doubt put it, a "lady" barrister, more, she is the first of her sex to take silk in the legal sense. But, although she is known as the "Witch of the Bar," and legal luminaries and "purple-clad suffragans" vie with each other in acclaiming her forensic triumphs, all is not well with the "lady K.C." She has a past. She has misappropriated trust funds; though just why a barrister should have been acting in the capacity of a solicitor Miss GRAHAM does not mention. And she has to choose between exposure and marrying a sinister financier addicted to practising strange rites, puffing fat cigars and breathing such words as "Adorable cyren, statue of cold beauty, soft-skinned white goddess, sweet-scented flower." Fortunately the financier has a past too, a representative of which turns up in the nick of time and pulls the "lady K.C." out of the soup in a manner as improbable and melodramatic as all the rest of the story.

Mr. JEFFREY FARROW has, as he doubtless deserves to have, many battalions of admirers, and I am convinced that they will pursue *The Quest of Youth* (SAMSON LOW) with unflagging zeal. *Sir Marmaduke Anthony Ashley John de la Pole Vane-Templerley* was a middle-aged buck, and "bored to extinction with everything in general and himself in particular," when suddenly, for sound and sufficient reasons, he decided to renew his youth. This excellent decision led him to take upon himself suspicion of murder, and also to wander through silvan glades with a Quaker maiden of considerable charm. During this lengthy pilgrimage he called himself *John Hobbs*, concealing from his demure companion that he had a legion of noble names. But blood, they say, will tell, and he must have been on the point of revealing his lineage when, momentarily annoyed, he arose "superb with the dignity of a thousand ancestors." A man capable of such a magnificent ascension (I regret that I could not be an eye-witness of it) was

in no danger of being thwarted, and we leave him with some ten years lopped off his appearance and with a vigour that amorous youth might try in vain to emulate.

In one respect Mr. HUGH KINGSMILL'S romance of *Blondel* (ROBERT BURNS) leaves me with a distinct sense of grievance. The hero of the story is the minstrel who, as everyone knows who studied his *Little Arthur* properly in youth, discovered the place of LIONHEART'S captivity by singing outside his prison; yet here we have a book about him and CRUDES-DE-LION and the Crusades, and not a single word about the outstanding episode of his whole career. It makes

me feel vaguely that I have been done. Having aired my complaint, I hasten to add that Mr. KINGSMILL'S story, which is refreshingly free from the customary affectations of the "Gramercy" school of fiction, gives an effective picture of that odd mingling of the sensual and the spiritual which was so marked a characteristic of the mentality of the period.

We welcome *Misleading Cases* (METHUEN), by Mr. A. P. HENSENT ("A. P. H."), reproduced, all but one of them, from *Punch*, and embellished with an introduction by the Lord CHIEF JUSTICE. Also Miss BARBARA TOWN'S *Hither and Thither* (HARRAP), a book of verses—for children, young and old—containing many things that have appeared in *Punch*. For the immediate triumph of Mr. A. A. MILNE'S "Now We Are Six" (METHUEN) Mr. *Punch* claims a reflected share of the credit, for, though its verses did not, as in the case of many of those in *When We Were Very Young*, appear in his pages, the new volume, like the earlier one, is illustrated by his Mr. ERNEST SHEPARD, whose *Fun and Fantasy* (METHUEN), being drawings from *Punch*, has just come out with a happy introduction by Mr. MILNE.



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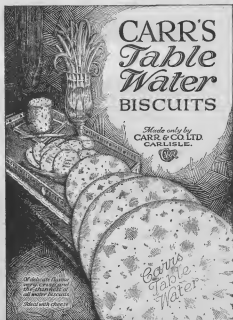
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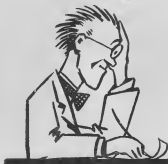
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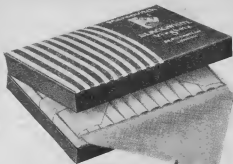


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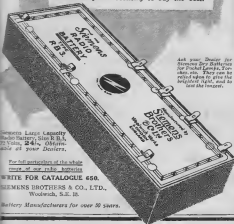
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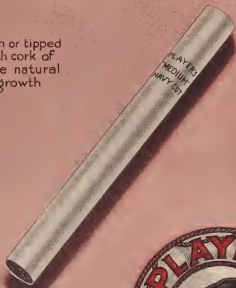
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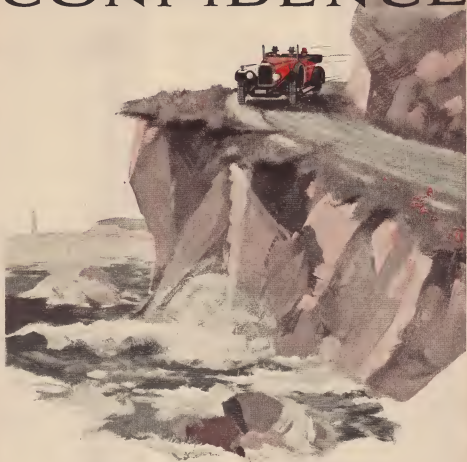


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